

Plomer says:

"HINTON. W. Bookseller in London:

(i) At the King's Arms in High Holborn  
next the Three Cups Inn; (ii) Sergeant's  
Inn Gate, Fleet Street. 1731-2.  
Publisher of a pocket annual <sup>called</sup> The Ladies'  
Miscellany in 1731."...

I have my doubts about "annual"!

Nevertheless it must be admitted that a

"The Ladies Miscellany or A Curious Collection"  
... was printed in 1730 for A Moore; and

The Ladies Miscellany, 3rd Edn (so called)  
was printed in 1732 (Dedication signed  
by E. Awell, who did a 1<sup>st</sup> ed. in 1718  
2nd ed 1721; & another (no edition!) in 1720)

This 1732 is however not the book it  
pretends to be in the title p. & dedication; but  
is a prior production !!

Harding describes his "Luscious Pet" 1732:-

"Front. (3) to 57 pp." — which is obviously  
different from yours. y n.a.

POST



EXH  
GLA



C. H. Wilkinson Esq.  
Worcester College

OK





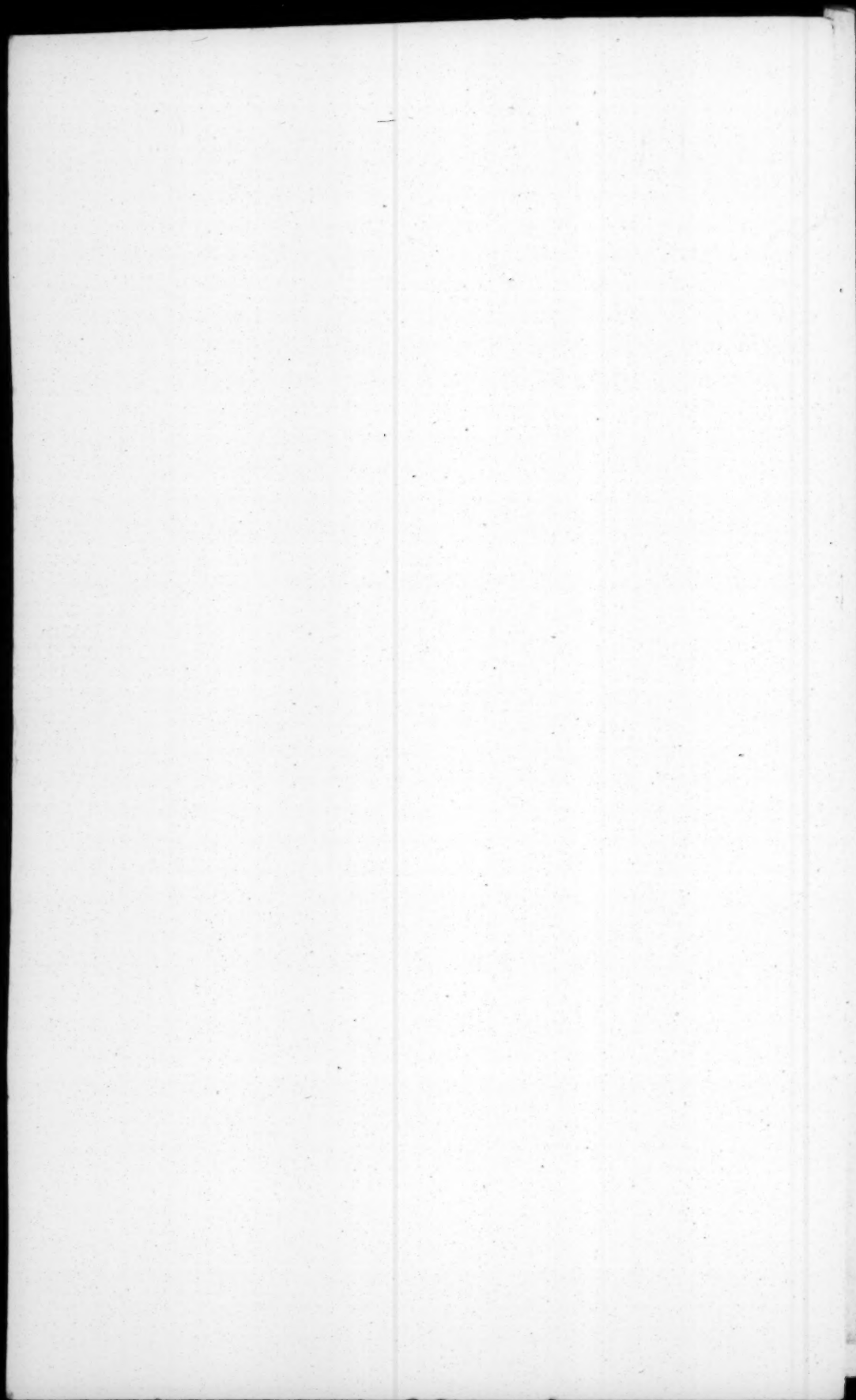
\*  
Cup. 403. pp. 3.





*Silvia*







T H E  
*Ladies Miscellany.*

CONTAINING,

- I. Love Letters between a *Gentleman* and *Lady*.
- II. BASIA : Or, The Pleasures of Kissing.
- III. The HAPPY BRIDE.
- IV. The RAPE of HELEN.
- V. Unlawful LOVE.
- VI. Spiritual Fornication a Burlesque POEM ;  
wherein the Case of Miss *Cadiere* and Father  
*Girard* is merrily Display'd.
- VII. Miss *Cadiere*'s CASE very Handsomely  
Handled.

And Twenty Nine other Curious POEMS on  
LOVE and GALLANTRY.

---

—— Go, and to the World impart  
The faithful Image of an Am'rous Heart :  
Those who Love's dear deluding Pains have known  
May in these pleasing Stories read their own.  
Under how hard'a Fate are WOMEN BORN !  
Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn :  
If they want Beauty, they of Love despair ;  
And are besieg'd, like Frontier Towns if FAIR.

WALSH.

---

LONDON : Printed for W. HINTON, at the *King's-Arms*  
in *High-Holbourn*, next the *Three-Cups-Inn*.  
(Price Stitch'd Two Shillings.)





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THE



T H E  
LADIES MISCELLANY.

---

*Love Letters.*

---

To the Fair SILVIA.

*Madam,*



F one, who after he has dar'd to have the Presumption to discover his Passion, merits any Mercy, sure I have the greatest Pretence to a Pardon, since I am in Love with the fairest and best of her Sex; pardon me then, Divine *Silvia*, if I discover that ardent Flame that has possess'd my Heart, since I beheld your Heavenly Form; since all the World must equally adore and love like me. If it were my happiness to receive one kind Look from the Beauteous *Silvia*, I should be the most happy of all my Sex; but if on the contrary, I meet with that rigorous Disdain I have hitherto, I shall have that Pride in Death itself, that I die wholly yours, the faithful and constant,

B

OCTAVIO.



*To the Lov'd SILVIA.**Madam,*

**S**INCE I have had the Happiness of seeing you, I am surely as much Charm'd with your elegant Wit, as I was with your Angelick Face; and I think every Moment an Age 'till I have the like Happiness, which is the utmost of my Wishes and Desires, and the greatest Blessing I should desire of Heaven in this Life, is to enjoy your charming Conversation; for all that I have is yours, and all my Actions have no other aim than solely to obey you; and I beg the fair *Silvia* to believe that she is the best, most perfect, and only Mistress of my Soul; if my dearest *Silvia* would but favour me with a Letter from her fair Hands, how happy should I be; and sure, if the rigorous *Silvia* did but know what a Happiness a Letter from her would give me, she would at least in pity grant it to an Enemy; but I am too long, and I fear troublesome, but pity the Wound you gave, and do not kill the faithfullest of your Admirers,

OCTAVIO.

*To the Charming SILVIA.**Madam,*

**I**T almost kills me to think that all my past Services, tho' but small in Comparison of the Favour I ask, cannot be blest with one Line from your fair Hands, and which adds more to my Unhappiness is, that I cannot see the Lovely *Silvia* this Day, because of an unlucky Accident that has befall'n me, for Heaven's my Witness, how much rather, and how glad should I be, could I Convey my self instead of this Letter, for how ill is a Day, (an Age to one in Love like me) spent, when I have not seen the Charming *Silvia*, whom I adore above





THE LADIES MISCELLANY. 3.

bove the rest of her Sex ; I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, without thinking on *Silvia*, and surely nothing can do me good, without your Divine self, as my better Angel, be first Invoked, if my unhappy Fate would permit me, there should not a Minute pass, but I would spend it in your Dear Company, which perhaps would tire you, but would not him, who is never truly happy but when he is in it ; and believe, fairest *Silvia*, I only live with the hopes of seeing my all in all to Morrow, when I will lay at her Feet, her Beauty's Adorer,

OCTAVIO.

---

*The Answer to OCTAVIO.*

Sir,

I Have received your Letters, which I take rather to be the Effect of your Gallantry, than any real Passion ; but if you Love me, as I have scarce the vanity to believe you do, when I am well satisfied that what you write proceeds not from a feigned Passion, you may have then perhaps no reason to Complain of the Rigour and Cruelty of,

SILVIA.

---

*To the Dear SILVIA.*

Dearest Silvia,

THE Happiness which your Dear Letter has given me, is not able by my poor Pen to be Exprest, and has raised me out of that Despair which I was almost fallen into. I beg my Dear *Silvia* to believe, that I Love her to that degree, that no Mortal Thought is able to Comprehend, or Eloquence to Exprest it. My Life, my Soul, my all in all, do but Love, and how happy I shall be, the Hea-

vens are only able to Judge, since my whole Ambition is to live and dye in your Service ; but I hope, I have no reason to doubt your Love, since I can soon make it appear, that I Love you with an unfeigned Affection, and more than any of your Heavenly Sex ; and I would not preserve my Life, longer than I thought I could Love you, or be able to serve my only Happiness : Pray send me an Answer to this, to settle me in that State of Joy, you have given me some Glimpse to hope for, which will infinitely add to his Felicity, who is, and will be his Dear *Silvia*'s Eternally,

OCTAVIO.

*The Answer to OCTAVIO.*

*Sir,*

**I** Received yours, and am infinitely obliged to you for your Endearing Expressions. My Inclinations would strongly persuade me to rebel against the Dictates of my Reason, and believe what you say ; but as I know 'tis dangerous to believe what every one tells us, without being first very well satisfied of their good Intention ; therefore pardon me, *Octavio* if I cannot believe what you say, for I must not rashly enter upon a thing whereon all my Happiness, or Unhappiness in this Life depends ; for I very well know with what Artifices a great many of your Sex have deluded ours, therefore when I am better satisfied of the Sincerity of your Protestations, I may then be the weak

SILVIA.

*To SILVIA.*

*My Dearest Soul,*

**T**HE Grief and Uneasiness your unkind Distrust has given me, has almost ended that wretched Life already wounded with your Unkindness, but since my Death comes from your fair Hands, I shall receive it without

THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

5

without the least murmur; yet I have this Comfort even in Death it self, that I dye the most faithful, but most unfortunate of your Servants, which will inevitably happen, unless hindered by a kind Letter the next Post; I am distrustful, and I know not what mark of Infidelity I have ever given my dearest *Silvia*, for I call Heaven to witness, that I Love your dear self, better than my whole Life, and that I have no other persuation to obtain your Heart, than a Heart that you already have truly faithful. Fairest *Silvia*, you are too unkind to distrust one who has not, if I may be allowed to judge my self, ever receded from that tenderness he has always exprest for his dearest *Silvia*; I wish you all the Happiness and Prosperity in this Life, after I am Dead, and may you have a Lover, that you can put more Confidence in than the wretched,

OCTAVIO.

*The Answer to OCTAVIO.*

Sir,

**Y**OUR Melancholy Letter, hath at length, Dear *Octavio*, Extorted from me a Secret which I thought I could never have discover'd, that I Love like you, live then, Dearest *Octavio*, for your *Silvia*, and remember (if *Silvia* has any Power over you) 'tis she bids you Live; spare my Blushes, that I say no more, but if your Heart is still the same, you will not hate *Silvia*, for this too free Discovery; but if you are Changed, burn this, and never mention it any more, and if you are generous, hide the Weakness of the too Easy and Credulous,

SILVIA.

*To the Lovely SILVIA.*

*My Fairest Silvia,*

**I** Must once disobey your Orders, and mention your Dear Letter, for it would be the greatest piece of Injustice in the World, not to return my Dear *Silvia* thanks

thanks for her kind Letter; you cannot imagine how much Ease and Satisfaction it gave my poor disturbed Heart who without it could not have lived long. I am happy beyond Imagination, who a little before, was at the brink of Despair; and like a poor Wretch, having found out a Treasure, still seeks and Covets more, so I desire my Dearest by another Letter the next Post, to settle me in that State of Happiness, which your Goodness has made me aspire to: And I am so far from being Changed, that I Love my Dearest much better for her Freedom, My all in all, don't loose the Affection you have for me, which is my greatest Pride and Ambition to be worthy of, and be assured, nothing shall ever raze that great Love I have for my better self, and that I always will be the Unalterable,

OCTAVIO.

*The Answer to OCTAVIO.*

*Sir,*

**I**T is with much regret, my Dearest *Octavio*, that I send this unwelcome News to you (at least I have the Vanity to think so) for I know not by what unlucky Chance my Father hath heard of our Amour, and I am ordered to prepare with all Speed to go into the Country an Hundred Miles off to an Aunt of mine; I have only so much Time as my unkind Destiny has left me to advertise you of it: And beg you to write to me every Post, which I will return the same to you, if I shall not be troublesome, send me by this Messenger an Answer: And if you are not tired already of your too easy Conquest, be assured, that if you remain Constant, I never will be any thing but your

SILVIA.

*Perhaps I may have an Opportunity to see you before I go.*

*To*





## To SILVIA.

My Dearest Silvia,

**T**IS with the greatest Confusion in the World, that I hear of our unjust Separation, just in the Bloom of our Love; but be assured, that nothing shall separate our Hearts, tho' Seas and Mountains were between us, for I love you to that degree, that neither Eloquence nor Love is able to give my Tongue Words, nor can my Pen express as I ought. My dearest Life, how much this unhappy Separation grieves me you cannot imagine; and certainly I never knew what it was to be miserable till now. My All that Heaven can give, do but you remain constant, and you shall never have the least Reason to doubt me; for I will not fail to write to you every Post, and pray let me have the like Happiness; for it will be the greatest Comfort to me in this World, wanting your dear, dear Company, to receive any thing that your fair Hand has touched; and tho' we are so far separated, yet you are, and always shall be, sole Mistress of the Heart of your faithful,

OCTAVIO.

## To OCTAVIO.

Sir,

**I** Was extreamly troubled, that I was not at a Post Town last Night, so that I could not have the happiness of writing to my dearest *Ottavio*, according to my Promise; we have had a pleasant Journey hitherto. My dearest Life, I doubt it will not be worth your while to give Money for so small a Satisfaction as this. My dear, pray let me hear from you as soon as you receive this; you know where to direct; my being so tired, I hope will excuse my bad writing, tho' it is never good for much, but I hope my dearest will take the Will for the Deed, and always believe I shall be yours eternally,

SILVIA.

To



To SILVIA.

*My dearest Life,*

**W**HEN I left you with my Eyes full and Heart full, I could not help easing my self by crying even in the Street, when at that wretched time, with longing Eyes I saw the too hasty Horses draw all that's dear to me in the World out of my sight, till then I never thought my self truly miserable. I went to your Friend and mine Mrs. ----- whom I found almost drowned in Tears as well as my self; we mutually wept over one another, she for the Loss of a Friend, and I for the Loss of her that's dearer to me than my own Soul: She, my dear Friend, for so I think I may call her since she is yours, was very compassionate of my Misfortune, and strove to comfort me all she could; but alas! I then was, and am still, comfortless, wanting my Soul's Delight. Oh! how unhappy is my Fate, to be so far separated by your too cruel Relations. I am almost mad, I lye awake whole Nights with my Brother sleeping by me, insensible of my misery. Oh! my dear, in one of my mad fits. I think of coming down in a disguise, and hiring my self a Footman to your Father: But Oh! when I am in my Senses again, I consider that rash thing would ruin us both; for my Assiduousefness to serve you would soon betray me, else I could debase my self, and do any mean thing in the Family, so I could but see you, I could go thro' any hard Work, as easy, looking upon you, and never think what I was, or of whom I was born: Never was any one altered in two Days so as I am, every body takes Notice of it, but no body knows the true Cause, but your Friend Mrs. ----- When any one asks me a Question, I answer quite contrary: I am just moped, I sit with my Relations and Friends whole hours, and never speak a Word. Dear *Silvia*, for the sake of a dying Lover, find some Excuse to come up to live here with your Cousin,  
for



For I know Love can invent many Excuses ; if you love like me you will not refuse it : I will not any longer sustain that little Life, which a desperate Ague and Fever has left me, than I can hear from you by the next Post, that you do design to come, which I shall take as the greatest Mark of your Affection ; but if you won't, 'tis not fit that I should longer linger out this wretched Life, since he that was once most dear to you is forgotten : therefore I conjure you by all the Love that you ever had for me, and by the safety of his Life, which wholly depends upon your complying with, and obliging him that loves you better than his own Soul, to come up : But alas ! I rave and talk of Impossibilities, yet without your Company, I certainly must for ever be the most wretched and unfortunate of all Lovers.

OCTAVIO.

To OCTAVIO.

*My dear Octavio,*

**Y**OU will say it is too soon to think the time long, since I had the happiness of seeing you last ; but assure your self I do ; my heart akes when I look forward to that Age that is to come, before I shall be once more in your dear Arms. I got safe to my Journeys end, and I shall want nothing to compleat my Happiness but your Company, which is all I desire in this World, and were it in a Dungeon I could be contented with your dear self. My dearest : You need not fear my long stay in this Place, for it will be a thing impossible to keep me long without my Heart, which I am sure is always with you. Tho' I doubt not but I have yours in return ; that is not satisfaction enough for me, for I must and will be where my own is, run what hazard I may. I wish my Life more Pleasure and Enjoyment of the Summer, than I am like to have ; there is ne'er a young Lady in the Village but has a Sweet-heart, and they are for helping me to one : I could accept of their profer for my Diversion, if my  
Aversion

Aversion for all Mankind, but your dear self would let me. This will be a very long Letter, but I believe my Life will not be tired with reading of my Scroll: I have the vanity to think I need not desire an Answer of you in this Letter, for I hope you will write without, Dear *Octavio*, I have so much to say in this, that I cannot tell what to write first: And your dear self takes up my Thoughts so intirely, that it puts all out of my Head, tho' you see I have writ so much Nonsense, that I doubt it will try your Patience. My dearest *Octavio*, I can't conclude with, *this is all at present*, for I have more a deal to say, but am obliged to let it alone for the next Post: And I hope I shall have a Letter from your dear Hand; till then I am, and will be yours for ever.

SILVIA.

Note, *This Letter was sent before Silvia receiv'd the last.*

*The Answer to OCTAVIO's last Letter.*

*My dear Octavio,*

I Cannot imagine what I have done to make you send me a Letter, that you knew would make me the most miserable Creature in the World. I wonder you should give way to your Passion so far, to make you and my self so wretched: I thought you had been of a prouder Spirit, than to have the least sense of leaving your Friends to come and be my Father's Footman, as well as I know you love me, you would be glad to leave me, and go home again; 'tis impossible for me to find any excuse, to leave so tender a Father, without incurring his Displeasure, and hazarding the Loss of my Reputation, who omits nothing that he thinks will be my Diversion. If it will suit with your Conveniency to come to me, I should be very happy; you might Lodge secretly at ----- within a Mile of our House, where I shall have an Opportunity of seeing you every Day. It is impossible to think what trouble you put me in, when I read you had a Fever and an Ague.

I beg

I beg of you, for God's sake, if you will not for mine; and if you have the least Love and Respect for me, not to trouble your self, for I love you so well, that I cannot be at rest, if you are any ways uneasy. My dear Life, give your self all the Pleasure and Satisfaction as is possible for you to have. I beg it as the greatest Favour in the World, that you would not refuse me. My dear *Octavia*, if you don't send me word by the next Post, that your Ague is better, I shall certainly come away, and lose my Father's Love, my Fortune, Reputation, and all which I shall esteem as Trifles, to make my dearest easy, since he will not be contented with a less hazard; yet I shall rely all upon my Dear's goodness, and beg that you would consider how you would like me without Friends or Money. My dear Life, get your self well of the Ague, and come to me as soon as you can. My Father is going to look after his Estate in ----- for a Month, but upon a pretended illness, I have got leave to stay here behind, in hopes that my Dearest will soon come down to his most faithful, and ever constant,

SILVIA.

---

To SILVIA.

Dear Silvia,

THESE three tedious long Days, have I with longing expectation waited for another Letter from my dearest Life, which last Night I receiv'd. I hope my dearest will not fail to oblige one that Loves so passionately as I do, in so small a Request as coming up; small I say, considering it is to save his Life, which I have the vanity to think you have no small regard for; and I beg my dearest would not think that it is her Fortune I Court. I beg upon my Knees you would so far condescend with my Desires as to come up, for I have enough to support us both, since an unlucky Business does hinder me from coming down to you; as yet I never see your Father's House, which was late the Residence of all that's lovely  
and

## 12 THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

and agreeable in the World, but I let fall Rivers of Tears. Your Absence is so insupportable to me, that my Grief will soon rid you of this trouble, and make me die a Sacrifice to your Country Pleasure, if you prefer it before the Safety of his that loves you so much; but depend upon it, you never can be happy, when you have by your Unkindness murdered me. My Fever and Ague which you mention in your last, I have still, and will endeavour to hide it, till 'tis past Cure, but if I am disappointed of Death by my Indisposition, I will by some other desperate means finish this wretched Life. When I am dead, which shall not be long, You then may have another Lover, whom I wish much more fortunate than I have been, and that you will not deny him so small a Favour as I beg of you; and if you love me not, and care not to save my Life, 'tis fit I should rid you of this troublesome, despised, forsaken Lover. You must never expect to see me more, if you deny to come up; for that very hour I receive your denial, I will violently finish this wretched Life, since I am sure you cannot love me, and that I am forsaken for some more happy Rival. I have considered your Arguments, and find them all light, when weighed with the Loss of his Life, you once loved. The Loss of your Love, or some body more happy in it than my self, I cannot survive, and so I must and will die, if you don't think it worth your while, without hazarding your own, to preserve the Life of the most wretched and unfortunate,

OCTAVIO.

---

To OCTAVIO.

*My Dearest,*

**I** Thought it had been impossible for one that pretended to love me, to write such a Letter. You send me word, that you will soon rid me of this trouble, and will die a Sacrifice to my Country Pleasure. You may depend on it, I shall think it no Fault of mine, if you give your self so much unnecessary Concern for what is impossible for me



to help: As for your keeping your Illness to your self, I have taken care to let my Cousin - - - know of it, that she with her perswasions may get some Remedy for you in time. I suppose mine will not prevail with you at present. I thought you had more of the fear of God, than to send me word you would use desperate means to rid me of a Wretch that is so troublesome to me: I am sorry to think I have bestowed my Heart on one that is so base, to use all means to make me the most miserable Creature in the World; I did not think it had been in your Principle to have used me so, but now too late I find it. I am concern'd to think you should have a mistrust of my Constancy; you may believe, if I detested you of all things in this World, I could never love another for your sake; If an Angel from Heaven had told me you would have used me so barbarously, I should not have believed it, nor once had an ill thought of my dear *Octavio*, for so I cannot help calling you, tho' you have been so unkind to me. If you will believe me, I have not slept, nor once had you out of my thoughts since I received your unkind Letter; and I have been so melancholy, that the Family takes notice of it; I am satisfied I shall not be otherways till I have a kinder Letter from him I Love and adore above all others, tho' you are so unnatural to her that is so endearing to you, and would for all your Unkindness hazard my Life, and all that I have in this World, did I think it would do you the least kindness, or be any pleasure to you. Dearest *Octavio*, let me have a kinder Letter from you by next Post, or else send me none, and that you know will break my heart at once. You have thoughts of a Rival here, and I am sure I have the most occasion to suspect you in *London*; and what is more, you cry out first to see how I will take it. I am sorry my Letters cannot keep your heart a fortnight without seeing me; but I find a Weeks time is long enough, for you begin to slight me already. My dearest Life, I doubt I have writ too sharp a Letter, and would sweeten it if I had room, but my Paper is so short, that I cannot express my self, nor I will not send you a Denial of my coming to Town; but if my

C

Dear

14. THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

Dear desires it, it shall be impossible for any Consideration to keep me, but I beg for God's sake and mine you would have patience but one quarter of a Year longer, when we shall come to Town, and then my dear Angel shall enjoy her Company, which he most desires, and always believe that I am, and for ever will be, the never to be altered,

SILVIA.

P. S. *Dear Octavio, don't fail of writing to me for I doubt I must beg a Letter, finding you grow tired already of your poor Silvia, that you are sensible loves you so well. I could say ten times more to my Dear but I cannot tell how to wrap it up.*

*Yours for ever.*

To SILVIA.

*Madam,*

**I** Received last Night a Letter from my unkind Dear, which has almost made me mad, and will soon put an end to this wretched Life, I now design to finish, since all that was most dear to me in this World, has denied the only means to save it. I now intend to live no longer than Monday, that I can have an answer to this, and with it your last Resolves; for I have provided a Pair of Pistols loaded with two Bullets each, to do so desparate a Deed, they now lye ready charged in my Closet, which will in a few Days rid me of all the Cares of this troublesome World, and free me from the Torment of your Unkindness, and know that your next Letter to this commands my Fate of Life or Death; for I find it impossible for me to live without you. I give up a Life and Heart truly yours, without Spot or Blemish of any other Love, and let you see all other Misfortunes I can bear, but not your Unkindness. I wish you all the Happiness in this World, and beg you not to shed one Tear after my Death. I freely forgive you for this unkind Murther, Monday being the longest Day of my Life. Do not send me an Excuse not to come,  
for



# THE LADIES MISCELLANY. 15

for that equally destroys me as well as your Denial ; for I have considered all things you can object, and find all too little, considering my Life lies at Stake ; therefore know my unkind Murderers, I can and will die, if you refuse to come, for I am now at the height of Despair ; and when I am dead you will too late find how well I loved you. If you love me so well as you say you do, it will be the greatest Mark of your Affection and Charity to run so great a Hazard, as you say you shall if you come up ; but if you refuse, you could never love, but all was a Pretence. My dearest, this perhaps may be the last Letter I ever shall trouble you with, unless you resolve to come immediately, for a quarter of a Year is an Age to me. If you refuse to come, I shall take my Death without the least Murmur, since you are the Author of it, and am proud of dying the faithfullest (but least believed and loved) of all Mankind,

OCTAVIO.

P. S. *Let your Answer be quick, and give me Life, or certain Death, and let me not linger on in this wretched Life, that's worse than Death without your Company.*

---

## To OCTAVIO.

*My dear Octavio,*

I Have just now receiv'd your unkind Letter, which has put me into such a trembling, that I can scarce hold my Pen, or know what to write. I am extreamly troubled you should be so positive in so desperate a Design. I wonder what I have done to be used so at your Hands : You make me ten times worse than if I never had heard from you at all, if it was possible. I watch and long for a Letter from my dearest every Post, and when it comes it makes me the most wretched and uneasy Creature in the World ; I must and will come up to you, for it is impossible for me to live, if you are any ways uneasy. I

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beg for God's sake, you would not do as you send me word, for if you do, you will not be only the damning of your own Soul, but mine too. I have not patience to read your Letter, without shedding abundance of Tears at your Unkindness to me. You say you love me so much, that you can't be without me: I am certain if you did, you would not make me so miserable as you do. I doubt you can't read my Letter it is so bad, for I can't see for crying, and am just distracted for your sake; if you have any Love and Respect, let me hear from you by the next Post, and don't make me suffer more than I am able to bear; for if I undo my self, I shall have the Happiness of being yours for ever, and will come the first Opportunity, which will be shortly; till then, my dearest Life be easy, and don't write me such Letters as you have done hitherto, but let me have it to say, that I had one comfortable Letter from my dear *Osavio*; till then, my dearest, believe I am, and always will be yours,

SILVIA.

To SILVIA.

Dear Silvia,

**I** Am sorry my dearest Life should think I deserve the Title of base and ungateful for desiring her dear Company; if that be a fault I own I have in a great measure offended. Your last Letter has given me a short respite for my Life, but if you don't come up by the latter end of next Week, I will most assuredly do what I have designed; they lye ready charged in my Closet. You say, my dearest in your last, that you would hazard your Life, and all that you have in the World to do me Service; I do not desire so extraordinary Marks of your Affection. If I did not love you to distraction, I would not give my self so many uneasy Hours when you are absent, nor once desire you in Town, if I had thoughts of any other Mistress. Why should you delay coming to the longing Arms of him that adores you? My dearest Angel, you  
were

were pleas'd to promise me upon your Word, that you would never deny me any thing that Modesty would suffer, I only beg this Favour, as the greatest Blessing you can bestow: Grant this, and your Will shall always be a Law to him that honours and adores you. I am sure, if my urgent Affairs did not require my presence here, you should never once ask me to come to you, do'send by the next Post your Promise to come, for that I can rely upon, and in my next you shall find all the kind, endearing things that a Lover like me can invent: If I am Jealous, it is my Love that occasions it, I being sensible that I do not in the least deserve the meanest of your Thoughts, yet you should methinks, because he loves you, save his Life and make him happy who has not in his Thought, Word, or Deed ever offended you, but always had a more tender Regard for your Happiness than his own Soul; neither would I deprive you of the Happiness of the Country, if I could live without seeing you; for when I see you, all my Care and Uneasiness fly from me and hide themselves, as it were at the approach of some Angel, but when you are gone, they reassume their former Terror. You, like my Fate, have Power of my Life and Death, and if you oblige me by your speedy coming up, you shall have always Power over, and command the Life and Estate of the most faithful and affectionate of all Mankind,

OCTAVIO.

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To OCTAVIO.

Dear Octavio,

I Received yours, dated the 22d. which I had the misfortune to lose; it has fallen into my Mother's Hands, how she will take it, I cannot tell; she has not said any thing. I am troubled my Dear should use so many Protestations, and send me such moving Letters to make

me lose my Father's Love, hazard my Reputation, and all that a Maid should value her self upon; yet I shall have this Excuse, that my soft tender Passion was the Occasion of it, and the World will say, her only fault was, she loved too well. When I come to Town, I doubt not but you will make me as easy as ever, and I shall be as well contented, and better, having you, than if I was Mistress of the World. I will not mention any of the unkind Expressions in your Letters; but you may assure your self, I shall not forget in haste the many uneasy Hours they have given me; but you may easily obtain Pardon for all, of your too kind, and too loving,

SILVIA.

*Dear Octavio, I am yours, and will be yours eternally.*

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To SILVIA.

**Y**OU cannot imagine, my Dearest Soul, what Joy and Satisfaction your Dear Letter gave me, nor how much you have obliged him, whose Life is wholly devoted to your Service; Do but my Dearest Life persist in your Resolution to come, and I shall never desire any other Happiness of Heaven or you, than to have you in these longing Arms, so as never to part till Death, and if it is possible for the Dead to have a Sense of Love, I shall certainly Love you to Eternity, for this so kind Compliance to my Desires. But when I consider what an Age it is before I shall Enjoy your precious Company, it deadens the Joy I conceived at your promise to come. I am sorry your Father and Mother have discovered our mutual Passion, because I am afraid it will be the worse for my Dearest Angel; yet sure if they had ever felt that soft tho' cruel Passion Love, or ever Loved, or even had any Humanity, they would pity a Lover's Misfortune, and not keep the only Support of my Life and Happiness from the Arms of him who Loves to Distraction, such an Age,  
when



when even a Moment to me is like a Year to indifferent Lovers : But as it is the Nature of frail Man, never truly to value Heavens Blessings till they are deprived of 'em, so I, tho' I valued you as much as possible, for one who Loves the most of his Sex, yet I did not, nor could I Love you so well as you deserve. How much do I repent, that I ever gave you an uneasy Moment when you were here, you that are so good and so kind to him, whose whole is not worth a Moment of your uneasiness, but as a poor Criminal, who is found Guilty by his own Confession, I stand trembling to receive my Sentence ; any thing but your not coming to Town, I can bear, but I can't Live if I am deprived of seeing my only Comfort in this World ; My dearest Angel, come as soon as possible, if you Value and would preserve his Life, who loves and values yours so much. I have not been well these two or three Days, having been troubled with such Palpitations of the Heart, that my Uneasiness and Griefs had almost over-powered me, and I believe I should have had a Fit of Sickness, if your kind Letter had not prevented it. I live only with the Hopes of being quickly made Happy in your dear Company, which will sufficiently recompence all the Uneasiness I have had, you are the first in my Thoughts when I wake, and the last when I sleep, there is not a Night since you have been gone, but I Dream I have my Dearest in my Arms, but when I wake, your Dear Image is fled, and I am left to bewail my wretched Fate alone ; then I could wish to sleep always, that I might continually have you in my Imagination, whom I so much long for in reality. If my Dearest has had any uneasy Hours, think how many I have had I having but one easy Minute since you went, which was since I received your last. I neither eat, drink nor sleep, with any Satisfaction, but all Things and People are odious to me, wanting your Dear Company ; I beg of you to let me know in your next, on what Day you intend to come, that I may know the tedious Hours, before I shall be the Happiest of all Mankind, in my Dearest *Silvia's* Company,

OCTAVIO.



## TO OCTAVIO.

I Sent my Dear word in my last, that I had lost my Letter, and I thought it would light in my Mother's Hands, and as I said so it happened, for when I had writ the last you received, I gave it to the Maid, whom I always used to trust to carry it to the Post, and she going Innocently to see for my Father's Letters, he asked her if she had any from me, which she denied a great while, but with many Threats and Intreaties, he prevailed upon her to tell him she had, then he ordered that it might be given him immediately, which when they had both looked into, they Sealed it up and sending it away, call'd for me. It is impossible to express the trembling that seized me in that Moment, my Mother asked me how I dared hold a Correspondence with any Man, without first asking my Father's and her Consent. I was like one struck Dumb, and knew not what to say in my own Vindication, they told me, they would secure me, that I should neither send nor receive any more Letters, but I have a Plot, I hope, will counterminc theirs; I have, the short time I have been here Contracted an Intimate Friendship with a Gentlewoman in this Place, who has promised to assist me in this Affair; therefore I desire my Dear *Octavio*, would direct all his Letters to Mrs. ----- under Cover for me; Dear *Octavio*, I beg if ever you had any Love for me, you would discharge those fatal Pistols you have terrified me with in such a manner, and Swear to me in your next that you have done it; my Dearest, don't fail of obliging me in this one Point, and let me hear that you have removed all my Fears in that Thing that makes me so uneasy, that I have no rest Day nor Night. I hope you are preserv'd for a better Fate with me: I hope to be with you in a short



short time, and make my self and you amends for all our trouble ; I am and will be yours eternally,

SILVIA.

Note, Octavio received both these Letters together by one Post, which I thought fit to Insert, just as they came to his Hands.

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To OCTAVIO.

**T**IS impossible for me ever to pretend to make my Dearest Life amends for his kind and obliging Letter, and as much impossible for you to think how Compleatly happy I was in the moment I read it ; had you the Sense of it, or the Disquiet and Uneasiness that your last but one gave me, you would never send me any but such as your last : My Dear Octavio, I am highly obliged to you for your last favour, my not being used to it, makes me take it the more kind from your Hands ; don't let me brag too soon of your Goodness, but let me have always such Letters. I am glad to hear my Love is better, and I beg if you value me, as I doubt not but you do, you would keep your self so, and not fret nor teaze your self about me, but depend upon it, I will come to Town as soon as I can possibly find out an Excuse, which I hope, will not be a Fortnight first ; but if the worst comes to the worst, I will come without one, and hazard my Life, and all that ought to be dear to me, to make my Dearest Octavio easy ; I am very much affraid that now we are discovered, I shall find no Excuse nor Argument strong enough, to keep my Father from carrying me along with him to ----- but if he does, we shall stay but two Days, besides going and coming ; my Dear shall know more of his Mind in my next Letter, or whether I can prevail to stay behind or not ; but if, I do go, I hope you have more wit than to make your self uneasy

uneasy at it : I am not extreamly well at this time, but doubt not of Sleep, now you have been so good to send me so indearing a Letter. I have had little or no Rest these three or four Nights, your others have made me so uneasy, but this has made amends for all, and I will never name them any more, if you give me no Occasion ; and I question not, but you will have your constant and faithful *Silvia* in your Arms in a little time, yours Eternally,

SILVIA.

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To SILVIA.

**I** Received my Dearest Life's Letter Yesterday, and am not at all uneasy that your Father has found out the Love I have for my Dearest Soul, I take a Pride, and it is my greatest Glory to be beloved of you, who are far Dearer to me than all the World ; nay even than my own Soul. I suppose, my Dearest Angel, that most of our Letters have had the same Fate, as the last but one I receiv'd ; yet I am very much obliged to them, that they sent it, for I should be the most miserable Creature in the World, if I had not a Letter every Post. My Dear Charming Angel, there is nothing you ask, tho' it were the hardest thing in the World, but I would surmount all Difficulties to accomplish ; I have Discharged the Pistols, but I can and will soon Charge them again, if you stay a Day longer than the Fortnight, you promised me in your last, I shall most assuredly do what I had before determined ; for Death will be more pleasant to me than a tedious lingring Life when you are absent. I would not for all the World, endure so much Uneasiness and Grief as I have done hitherto ; the tiresome Nights, tedious Days, and uneasy Hours that I have suffered since you went are innumerable ; and I reckon every Moment an Age till I see you, if your Father and Mother could comprehend the Torments I feel, they would let you immediately

mediately come to me. But oh ! that's a Happiness too great for unfortunate me to expect, I hope my only Comfort does not sooth up my Miseries, when she does not design to come, for that will be very barbarous to give me a lingering Death ; but tell me that you won't come, and that you know will kill me at once ; you would not sure have delayed Swearing to me, that you would come in a Fortnight, as you promised, if you really designed it. It has given me a great deal of uneasiness, which I hope my only Joy will in her Answer Cure. You seem in all your Letters desirous to stay, I am sure I desire your dear Company above all the World, and am very much troubled that you should not desire mine, or should once desire to stay, when it makes me so uneasy ; your Arguments are all very groundless, considering that you fly not from a Father, but to find a Husband ; by which your Virtue will not suffer, since you come on honorable Terms, which Heaven is my witness, was always my Design, and as for Fortune with you, I value it not. Oh ! my only Happiness, how do I envy the meanest Person in your Father's Family, who can daily look upon that Heaven of Happiness, I have lost Sight of ; and How little perhaps do they regard those precious Minutes I would give all the World for ; yet sure, it is impossible for any Body to see you, but they must adore you, if they are not Stocks and Stones, or Insensible of that soft tormenting Passion, but they never can Love to that Height of Distraction like me. Dear *Silvia*, I live only with the Hopes of being in a short time the most Blessed, and most Happy of all my Sex,

OCTAVIO.

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To OCTAVIO.

**I** Have this moment received a Letter from my Dearest Life, and am extreamly pleased that you have done what I so desired ; you say if I don't come, you will Charge them again, but if you send me any more Letters

ters with that Resolution, I will never forgive it, but I hope, I shall give my Dearest no Occasion, for you may depend on my coming the first Opportunity; I wonder my Soul should think I don't desire his Dear Company, when you are all the Comfort I have in this World, there being nothing I value in it but my Dearest *Octavio*; but you cannot blame me, if I use a little Thought before I enter into so Precipitate an Enterprize, as leaving my Father's House, and hazarding my own Reputation, to come to a Man who is not my Husband. Send me all the News you can, but the best you can send me is, that you Love me, and I am sure there is no Love lost, between my Dear *Octavio* and his *Silvia*; You have not, nor ever will make any Body so happy in your Love, as your Dear

SILVIA.

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To SILVIA.

**H**OW can my Dearest Life, for you are still Dearer to me than my own Soul, tho' you have used me so barbarously, expect Satisfaction in my Letter, when in yours you do not take Notice of one thing I have desired? I hope it is not a wilful neglect of him, who if he knew there was a slighting thought of you in his Heart, would open it and let it out; sure you would not have by your neglect refused to Swear to me, that you would come in the Fortnight you promised me, does not my Dear Life think it is Misery enough for me to want your Company ten Days longer; what have I done to be soothed up in my Misery, when you by your Letter promised me to come, yet by two or three since refused to Swear it to me; Did I ever think your Dear self would have deceived me thus, why did you not let me dye before when I was resolved, and then I had not known such a long time of uneasiness, since it is very barbarous to prolong my Misery, when your Letter would have ended this wretched



wretched Life, by telling me positively you would not come, it had been much more kind to have done so, than to make me believe you would come, when you never designed it; I will now dye, and for that purpose have Charged my Pistols again, and your Answer to this, shall be hardly able to keep me from that Death, I both seek and desire; I will bleſs you with my laſt Breath, and heartily forgive all your Unkindneſſes, particularly this which has killed me, Live and be happy, when I am in the Cold Grave; I wiſh it you, tho' you have deprived me of all Happineſs here, or hereafter; I will beg of the World, not to reflect upon you for my untimely End, and I hope God will not require my Blood at your Hands: Unkind Cruel Maid, to uſe one ſo inhumanely, who has ſuch a Love for you, that he would Sacrifice his Life and Fortune to do you good; if your Love to the Country, out weighs your Love to me, I am very miſerable, and deſire not to Live, but will quickly make room for another more Fortunate Lover, and you may tell him when he revenges me, what an unfortunate faithful Heart you broke, and how happy you might have made me and your ſelf; you may go where you pleaſe when I am Dead, without having any more of my troubleſome Letters to hinder your Country Diversions; but that Moment I hear you go to ----- that Moment ſhall be my laſt, for you cannot think I am ſuch a Fool, as to Imagine it is poſſible for you to ſtay ſo little as two Days; I always thought my ſelf an Ideot, and indeed my Dear uſes me as one, to think I cannot ſee the bottom of your deſire to go farther off, that you may be the more ſeldom troubled with my Importunities to leave the Country, ſo contrary to your Inclinations. I plead not your Oaths and Vows as a tie upon you, but your Love, if ever you had any; I ſhould not dare to have queſtioned it, had not you given me lately ſo little Signs of it in denying; nay worſe in promiſing to come, when you never deſign'd it. But why, fooliſh Madman, didſt thou think all Women were not alike, falſe and inconstant, or why couldſt thou think, one who

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excels all her Sex in Bodily Endowments, should not at least partake of their universal Deceit and Inconstancy; you have almost perfected your Barbarity, and I am almost Distracted; but meet me in the other World, where we will be Happy, tho' we can't in this, if you Love me, you'll follow, if not, my Ghost shall wait ready to embrace your Dear Shade when you dye a natural Death; for I am resolved not to live, if you stay a Day beyond the Fortnight you promised; but you do not now regard my Life, nor think it worth preserving, so I do not expect you will save it; I am both prepared and resolved to dye, you may think this Letter unkind, but remember, I neither call you Base nor Ungrateful, as you did the most wretched and miserable,

OCTAVIO.

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*To OCTAVIO.*

**I** Confess, I have had a great many ungrateful and disobliging Letters, from one that of all Mankind I the least deserved them, but your last exceeded all the former; I have hitherto given my self a deal of trouble and uneasiness about them, which I find is to no purpose, for you still continue in your desperate Resolution; you do very well to advise me to follow you, and be assured I will take your Advice, for that Moment I hear you have used any Violence to your self, by all that is Good and Sacred, by all the Powers above, and as sure as there is a God to punish you, I will not Live a Moment after I hear any thing of it, or you once miss writing to me; don't think to flatter your self with the Thoughts of leaving me behind to suffer, and to be reflected on by your Relations, and the rest of the World, but know, that I have a River as near me, as your Pistols are to you; I have as brave a Heart to dye as you, and my Resolution is as firm; I find now all Love must be laid aside, and I will never mention it more till you have first, nor  
ever

ever give my self any more trouble, for I know how to relieve myself; I am fixed as firm as it is possible for any Woman to be, and I hope shall not miss my aim. I suppose this will find but an indifferent reception, as your last did with me; you say this may never come to your Hands, but if it don't, I shall not be troubled in that Point, nor do I value who sees it, for it shall be impossible for any body to prevent my Resolution; you tax me of having another Lover, but be assured, I never will for your sake, I have had too much trouble with you ever to Love again; you that could Insinuate your self into my Heart, and then use it in such a cruel and barbarous manner; how many fair Promises did you make me, how many Vows have you made, that you would use me kindly, but now you have forgot all this, and I fear will never think of it more. Fool that I was, to trust my Heart with so small a Guard at the time when you besieged it; before it had always been unconquered, tho' more Importunities have been used, and was always free till your bewitching Tongue made it otherwise; I think hitherto, I have writ you the kindest Letters that my Thoughts or Mind could Invent, but all that must be laid aside now, and I must never hope to be Happy in my Dearest *Ossario's* Love, yet I shall to the last Moment count you Dear to me, and if I dye, it will be with a Heart intirely yours, and never shall be any body's else whilst I am,

SILVIA.

P. S. *I am extreamly Concerned I must write you such a Letter, but I beg, if ever you had any Love for me, you would preserve your Life, that is Dearer to me than all the World, and believe that I Love you better than my own Soul; what would you have me do? I beg you to consider what a risque I shall run; but I find you would rather have me in London if I underwent all Difficulties, so that you could have your Will, and the Satisfaction of seeing me. You must needs think your Absence is as*

*much Pain to me as it is to you, but we must not please our selves. All that I can say is, Dear Octavio be Contented, and Love me as well as I do you, and we shall be Happy; I beg you to preserve a Life that is Dearer to me than my own, and believe I am, and always will be your*

SILVIA.

To SILVIA.

**M**Y Dearest Love has sent the only thing that could have shock'd my Soul, or made me longer bear this wretched Life, for I cannot draw my Dear's Ruin with my own, that Thought terrifies me, and almost makes me Dead, for fear she should do any thing to hurt her self. No, Live my Dearest Soul, thou greatest Blessing e'er conferred upon an undeserving Wretch like me, thou Dearest Partner of all my Fortunes, Live and be Happy in the most Faithful and Constant of all Mankind; I could almost kill my self, for being such a Wretch to give her, that is the only Joy of my Soul, and Dearer to me than all the World, so much Uneasiness; take me then to your Arms, and no longer be angry with him who is truly Penitent, for so heinous an Offence, and send me some Comfort by your next, for my Heart is almost ready to break, and my Uneasiness is more than I am able to bear; I believe it will kill me soon, and not give me the trouble to use any desperate Means, but I will preserve my Life, in hopes of being in my Dearest's Arms in ten Days time at farthest. Think what a Torture and Rack in my Mind I bear, and send me the only Comfort that can Cure it, which is that you will Swear as you have done in your last, tho' upon another account, that nothing shall hinder your coming at ten Days time; think upon the Tears, the tedious Days and wakeful Nights that I have spent, and shall till you come: And pity an almost Distracted Lover's Misfortune, for the sake  
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of our Innocent Loves past, and by all our future Hopes, I Conjure you to come up to me, if you think to preserve my Life, I would not desire my Dearest's Presence, and her dear Company, if I could any ways be Happy, or Live without it. Oh! thou Dearest Comfort, thou only Happiness or Blessing I desire of kind Heaven to give, if I have but you, I can never be miserable, you are the only Desire of my Soul; hear me just Heaven, I neither desire Riches, Power, nor Honour, give me but my Dear *Silvia*, and a small Competency so as but to Live meanly with my Dearest, I should be happier than to be Monarch of the whole Universe without her; thou Dearest and best of thy Sex, thou more than Angel in a Woman's Form, grant me but my Desires, and you make me yours for ever: Thou all Nature's Perfection in one piece, think what uneasiness my Soul bears without thee, for,

*No Tongue my Pleasure, nor my Pain can tell,  
'Tis Heaven to have thee, but without thee Hell..*

Thou all that is lovely or desirable in Nature, I will not tell you what Answer I desire to this, but let your Love suggest what will make me the most easy of all Mankind, and what a faithful Love like mine deserves; thou most kind, most good, and most merciful of thy Sex, I'll for ever praise your Goodness, if you Condescend to Compleat my Joys in performing what I have desired; I will not repeat it again, but in your next, I expect to be the most happy or most wretched of my Sex; if I am made happy, you shall not in the whole Course of our Lives have one thing to make you uneasy, nor one Thought of Care, but what, if I can, I'll very readily redress, if I can't. I'll equally bear part with her, that is ten thousand times Dearer to me, than my own Life, and that our whole Lives shall be one Continued Scene of Tranquility, no Jarring Discord, or Jealousy shall be between us, but every Day shall bring forth fresh Fuel to our Loves, which will be always Blooming, when our Bodies are joined together, as our Minds and Hearts already

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are Inseperable; thou Patern of thy Sex, and only Model for the rest of Woman-kind to follow and admire thy shining Virtues; I cannot sufficiently Praise and Extol thy Excellencies, if I had *Homer's* Eloquence, *Virgil's* Stile, and *Ovid's* Art of Love, all that is possible for Mortal Man to Invent, will much fall short of thy Goodness, if you can pardon my unkind Letters, for I was then Mad and knew not what I did, I am not much better now, but expect to be made happy and easy in your next, and believe, I shall be the most grateful and thankful Creature in the World, and will, by my kind Endearing Letters, perfectly force you to come to these longing Arms, by the kind Expressions of my Love. If it is contrary to your Inclinations, I beg my Dearest Angel would not do any harm to her self, if the Post should fail coming, but believe, it shall not be my neglect, you would surely make a great deal more haste to my longing Arms, if you knew what Uneasiness and Grief your Absence gives me, it is impossible for Tongue to express my Misery without you, and you alone can give me Comfort; thou loveliest of all thy Sex, my better self, you only can revive my almost departed Life, and call me back again to that State of Happiness you have deprived me of by your Absence; If I have any Power over my Love, I would now use it, and never after again desire it; thou Man's Idol, and Woman's Envy, do but Condescend to my Request, and I'll Love you so well, I'll even adore you, do but Swear to come in ten Days time, and you'll make me the most happy and blest of all Man-kind,

OCTAVIO.

P. S. I must tell my Dearest, she has used me a little too unkindly in her last, if I had been the falsest Man that ever breathed, you could not have used more unkind Expressions, but I own I deserve it, and I stand to receive my Punishment whether Life or Death, but as I know I have a kind and merciful Judge; I doubt not but she will preserve my Life,



THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

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*by her Swearing to come in less than Ten Days ; or  
if Death, by her Refusal, I stand prepared and  
ready for my Execution, and once more, thou Bless-  
ed Angel,*

*Adieu.*

TO OCTAVIO.

**I** Have just now received my dear *Octavio's* kind Letter, which is more acceptable to me than you can imagine. I will not make my Dearest uneasy about my going to ----- for I promise you I will not go, I have beg'd hard to stay behind, but I am oblig'd to go to ----- next Monday ; for my Mother, and all our Family is going, which being nearer to you than ----- I have chose it. I hope my Dear will not be uneasy at that, for it will be impossible for me to pretend to stay here by my self, tho' I am twenty Miles nearer you now than I shall be ; but depend upon it, I shall not stay a day longer, because of this from my dear *Octavio* ; I would not have you write till you hear from me. My Soul, be easy, and you shall see your *Silvia* in a shorter time than you imagine ; till then, have patience, and believe I love you better than all the World, and ever will ; and I live only with the Hopes of being Happy with your dear Self, and all these uneasy Moments that we have now, will serve us to talk of when we come together: All that I have to desire, is, that you would make your self as easy as I could wish you, and then, I am sure, you would be the happiest Man in the World, and I should be the happiest Woman, if you would always send me such kind Letters ; not that I want them to keep up my Love, for if you never was to send to me more, I should always Love you as dear as my own Soul. My Dear, don't do your self any Mischief, I know that you have Sense and Religion enough to abhor any such Action, and therefore consider all this, and live for her that is, and always will be yours faithfully and constantly, whilst

SILVIA.



## To OCTAVIO.

**I** Have thought it long, that I have not had the Happiness neither of writing nor hearing from you ; but I hope you will not fail of sending to me by the next Post. I rid on Horse-back from - - - - hither, and am so tired, I can scarce hold my Pen, but shall be never tired so, as to miss writing to my dear *Octavio* ; your last Letter made me so happy, and so easy, that I was not like the same. Oh ! how I should be obliged to my Love, if he would always write to me in that Stile ; but indeed, I should be too Happy and Blest. I have read your dear Lines over so often, that I have them by heart. I beg you to believe, that I am so intirely yours, that it is impossible for me to have the least Thought of any body else. I am much afraid, that I cannot have so good an opportunity of sending as I had at - - - - wanting my good Friend Mrs. - - - - who was most faithful to me. I beg you will excuse my short Letter, but you shall have a longer next, from her that is yours for ever.

SILVIA.

## To SILVIA.

**I** Have now receiv'd two Letters from my Cruel Dear, and find that you never intend to come near me any more ; for sure, if you did, you would not now have gone further from me ; but Fortune will never have done making me her Sport, and Tormenting me. How joyful now will I part with this wretched Life, since by your going farther, and denying to Swear, that you would come as you faithfully promised me, I receive the fatal Wound. I will not once Curse my Fate, since you, as the greatest Token  
of

of your Love give me my Death. Farewel, my Dearest, I must never see you more; I thought my Heart was so heavy at parting, that it would be a long and eternal Farewel. I could dye with all the Satisfaction imaginable, if I might with my dying Arms imbrace all that is most dear to me in the World; tho' you have been so barbarous to me, methinks you should, if all Compassion is not banished from your Nature, feel the Sufferings of your poor *Octavio*, and have a Sense of his Misfortunes; and think I never shall be easy, till I have a Letter that will bring some Happiness with it; and the greatest Joy I can expect, is, that you will not exceed your Promise, by all the Powers above, and whose Vengeance you pray, if you falsifie it; but no, I must not expect that you will be so kind, for now it is a Delight to you to make me Miserable, tho' once you rejoiced to see me Happy, by all our future Hopes or innocent Loves and Enjoyments passed, send me my Wishes, or by one Word, that you will not come, end this wretched Life I now think not worth keeping, since I am slighted by her, that was dearer to me than my own Soul. I did not think my Dear would have been so inexorable to all my Prayers, or could have denied your once dear *Octavio* any thing. I am sure, I should have suffered all the Hardships in the World, rather than have given my Dearest one moment of Uneasiness, when it was in my Power to help it, as it is now in yours: Therefore pity and help the Misfortunes you are the Occasion of, and come to the longing Arms of your constant and faithful,

OCTAVIO.

Note, *The foregoing Letter was not receiv'd by Silvia when this was sent away.*

To



## To OCTAVIO.

**T**HERE is now three Post Days past, and I have had no Letter from my dear *Octavio*; if it was not for your last Promise, I should dye with the Thoughts of not hearing from you. I beg you'd not serve me so, to make me thus Uneasy: This is the third Letter that I have sent since I came to ----- and have not been so Happy as to have one; my first I sent to the Post on *Tuesday* Night at ----- wherein I gave you a Direction to your poor *Silvia*; but I find I am now neglected and forgot, but if you forget me, I can never you. I hope it is the fault of the Post, and not my Dearest's; for I cannot think you could forsake me so soon. My Soul, don't fail of letting me hear from you by the next Post, and every Post as you used to do: I think it an age since I heard from you; a Week there is now past, and no News after so many threatning Letters, if I do not hear by the next Return, by all that's good, I will never write more. My Love, you cannot think what Concern I am in, and I beg you would not use me so ill, for I had rather all the world should forsake me than my dear *Octavio*. You may depend, I never will leave you as long as I live. My dearest Life, I am, and will be yours for ever,

SILVIA.

## To OCTAVIO.

**I** Cannot imagine what Fault I have been guilty of to be used in this manner; four Letters have I writ, and can have no Answer, I could not think you would have serv'd me so, without mine had miscarried. I confess I have been very troublesome to you in writing so often,



ten, but I did not think it so. Pray, if you do not desire my Letters, let me know, and if it is possible, I will avoid doing it. Did not you promise me in your last, that you would send every Post: Well, you may depend, this is the last I will ever write to you, or any body else, if I don't hear by the next Post; I have lived long enough to be slighted. You may be assured, as you have occasioned so much Disquiet in me, I shall not forget you when time serves. If you don't think it worth your while to give your self the trouble of sending any more, pray be so kind to let me know, and I shall rest my self as satisfied as I can, and Study some Remedy for my own Repose. I still flatter my self, that my other Letters have been intercepted, and if they have, I hope you will forgive the once beloved,

SILVIA.

---

To SILVIA.

O H! my too Unkind and Cruel Dear, to load me with so many Miseries, which I am not able to bear. Can you pretend to that Sacred Thing Love, and yet use one that loves you, nay even adores you so inhumanly. Have not I in these three or four Letters desired you to Swear to me, that you would come to *London* at the time you promised. Do you think that Heaven won't punish the Breach of your Word to a poor Unfortunate, by you made miserable; but you are afraid of an Oath, because you know you never intend to perform it; How can you be so False and Deceitful to one that has been so Constant to you? I'll call Heaven and Earth to Witnesses, that I have not in Thought, Word, or Deed, ever Injur'd that Love you so often have Sworn, and I was made believe you had for me. What have I done, ungrateful Maid, to be so unkindly used, that you should deny me all my Comfort and Happiness in this World, I mean your dear Company, which is all the Blessing I  
ask



ask of Heaven or You? But since you are so barbarous to me, as to deny me Life, I have it in my Power, and can command my Death, I appeal to your own Conscience, if you have not dealt ungenerously with one, who always held you so dear to him. I just now received your Letter, and am much surpris'd you have not receiv'd any of mine. I do assure you, I have sent constantly every Post. I cannot imagine who can be so base as intercept my Letters: I am now fully resolv'd to come to you, since it is impossible I should sustain this wretched Life without your Answer. I find it is neither your Desire, nor Inclination to come hither; if it is to shun me that you stay, you may come up, and I will not, if you desire it, ever trouble you with my hated Self; tho' I believe it would be impossible for me to have you in Town, and I not with you. I thought I was always born to be Miserable, and indeed you have made me so abundantly, but I'll dye and ease you of the hated and despis'd,

OCTAVIO.

To OCTAVIO.

**I** HAVE the Satisfaction of hearing from you however; tho' it is a sharper Letter than I expected after so long a lence. I have sent you part of your Letter again, for I cannot look on it without Trouble; and depend, if you ever send me such another, I shall send it all. How many False and Deceitful Creatures have you called me; pray in what do I deserve it, or what have I done to merit all this from you; I have only been too constant to you: I can and have as brave Resolutions as your self, and if once I set upon a thing, you know I will do it. If you think it worth your while to go and see my cousin Mrs. ----- give my Love to her; and tho' she and you forget poor me, I shall never you, nor her. Your sharp and unkind Letters shall never fetch me, whatever your kind ones will do, adieu,

SILVIA.



*Note, Here some Letters which were wrote between Octavio and Silvia were intercepted, and this following Letter was the last that ever Octavio receiv'd from Silvia, which made him go down to see who it was had intercepted them.*

TO OCTAVIO.

**I** Find now you are resolv'd to quite forget me; if you did not know where to direct, it would never vex me. If you do not answer this Letter, by all that's Good and Sacred, you shall never hear from, nor see me more: I have often said it, but never swore it, to my knowledge till now. I suppose you don't value my writing now, as you used to pretend you did; but I never will believe you loved me, if you can despenſe with forgetting me ſo ſoon. I confeſs, my ſending is very troubleſome to you. I have been ſo vain hitherto, to think you loved to hear from me, as well as I do from you, tho' now I find to the contrary: I cannot tell what I have diſobliged you in, Unleſs in not being haſty to Sacrifice my Reputation in coming up to you, and leaving my Friends, when I cannot have the leaſt Excuse for it, but your fooliſh Fancy; I am not ſo well pleas'd with my Country Pleaſure which you ſo often tell me of; but I can leave it (were it reaſonable) as I can other things, that are ten Times dearer to me than that. I hope you will not think the Money ill beſtowed on this, when you remember it is the laſt you will ever have from me. I only beg one Letter more to let me hear your Reſolutions, and what you mean in uſing me in this too barbarous manner. If you deſign to have no more to ſay to me, it is but Juſtice you ſhould let me know it, and I doubt not of finding a Remedy for the Scorned and Detected,

SILVIA.

E

To



## To SILVIA.

I Did not receive a Letter Yesterday from my Dearest Life, which makes me the most uneasy Creature in the World, I hope you do not think that I have forsaken you, because some Fiend has intercepted my Letters, for I have writ every Post since I knew where to direct; I think my Dearest Angel, that Fortune will never have done Persecuting us, and she cannot be Content with parting us so many Miles, but must intercept our Letters, the only Comfort she had left us; I would if I had not designed it before, come down to you now, run what hazard I will, to know who is Guilty of so base an Action, you cannot sure have such an Evil Thought of your Dear *Ottavio*, as to think he could be so base as to ever slight his own Soul, nor even Death's Torments, should ever be able to make me slight my all in all; I hope my Life will believe that my Love is rooted so deep in my Heart, as never to come out, but with my last drop of Blood, and if it was possible, for that last drop of Blood to speak, it would say it was intirely my Dear *Silvia's*, I know not what I have committed, to give you a distrust of my Constancy: My Soul's Darling Joy, my Good Genius, the end of all my Wishes and Desires, I cannot but own, you're too great a Blessing for me to aspire to, but since I Enjoy (as I have the Vanity to think I do, the greatest Blessing in the World) I mean your Dear Love, I will keep it with all the Affectionate Tenderness in the World; you may have one to advance your Fortune, but never one that Love's so true and faithful, but if you still believe I am false, I will soon give you a dreadful Proof of my Constancy; I am, the most Faithful and Constant

OCTAVIO.

P.S. *I hope to be with you by Monday Night, till then*

*The tedious Hours move Heavily away,*

*And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.*

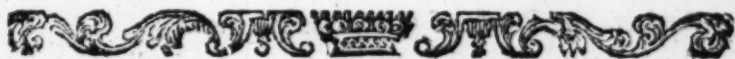
THE



# B A S I A :

OR, THE

Pleasures of KISSING.



KISS I.



WHEN *Venus*, in the sweet *Idalian* Shade,  
A Vi'let Couch for young *Ascanius* made ;  
Their op'ning Gems th'obedient *Roses*  
bow'd,  
And veil'd his Beauties with a *Damasc*  
Cloud :

While the bright Goddess, with a gentle Show'r  
Of Nectar'd Dews, perfum'd the blissful Bow'r.

E 2

Of



Of Sight infatiate, She devours his Charms,  
 'Till her soft Breast re-kindling Ardor warms :  
 New Joys tumultuous in her Bosom roll,  
 And all *Adonis* rushes on her Soul.  
 Transported with each dear-resembling Grace,  
 She cries, " *Adonis!* --- *sure I see thy Face!*  
 Then stoops to clasp the beauteous Form, but fears  
 He'd wake too soon, and with a Sigh forbears.  
 Yet, fix'd with silent Rapture, stands to gaze ;  
*Kissing* each flow'ry Bud that round Him plays.  
 Swell'd with her Touch, each animated Rose  
 Expands ; and strait with warmer Purple glows :  
 Where Infant *Kisses* bloom, a balmy Store !  
 Redoubling all the Bliss she felt before.

Sudden, her Swans career along the Skies,  
 And o'er the Globe the fair *Celestial* flies.  
 Then as were *Ceres* pass'd, the teeming Plain  
 Yellow'd, with wavy Crops of Golden Grain ;  
 So, fruitful *Kisses* fell where *Venus* flew,  
 And by the Pow'r of *Genial Magic* grew  
 A plenteous Harvest ! which She deign'd t' impart  
 To sooth an agonizing love-sick Heart.

All hail, Ye Roseat *Kisses!* who remove  
 Our Cares, and, cool the Calentures of Love.  
 Lo ! I your Poet in melodious Lays  
 Bless your kind Pow'r ; en-amour'd of your Praise :  
 Lays ! form'd to last, 'till barb'rous Time invades  
 The *Muses* Hill, and withers all their Shades.  
 Sprung from the \* *Guardian* of the *Roman* Name,  
 In *Roman* Numbers live, secure of Fame.

KISS

\* *Venus.*





## KISS II.

**A**S the young en-amour'd Vine  
 Round her Elm delights to twine;  
 As the clasping Ivy throws,  
 Round the Oak, her wanton Boughs:  
 So close, expanding of thy Charms,  
 Fold Me, *Næra*, in thy Arms!  
 Closer, *Næra*, cou'd it be,  
 Wou'd my fond Arms in-circle Thee.

The jovial Friend shall tempt in vain  
 With Humor, Wit, and brisk *Champaigne*;  
 In vain shall *Nature* call for *Sleep*;  
 We'll *Love's* eternal *Vigils* keep.  
 Thus, thus, for-ever let us lie;  
 Dissolving in Excess of Joy;  
 'Till *Fate* shall with one single Dart,  
 Transfix the Pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd, we'll fleet like *Venus' Doves*,  
 And seek the blest *Elysian Groves*,  
 Where *Spring* in Rosy Triumph reigns  
 Perpetual, o'er the joyous Plains.  
 There, *Lovers* of *Heroic Name*,  
 Revive their long-extinguish'd Flame;  
 And o'er the fragrant Vale advance  
 In shining Pomp to form the Dance:

Or fing of *Love* and gay *Desire*,  
 Re'ponsive to the warbling Lyre;  
 Reclining-soft in blisfull bow'rs,  
 Purpled-sweet with springing Flowers:  
 And cover'd with a filken Shade  
 Of Laurel, mixt with myrtle, made;  
 Where, flaunting in Immortal Bloom,  
 The Musk-Rose scents the verdant Gloom:  
 Thro' which the whisp'ring *Zephyrs* fly  
 Softer than a Virgins Sigh.

When we approach those blest Retreats,  
 Th' Assembly strait will leave their Seats;  
 Admiring much the matchless Pair;  
 So fond the Youth, the Nymph so fair;  
*Daughters* and *Mistresses* to *Jove*,  
 By *Homer* fam'd of old for *Love*;  
 In Homage to thy matchless Grace,  
 Will give Preheminence of Place,  
*Helen* herself will soon agree  
 To rise, and yeild her Rank to Thee.

## K I S S III.

**O**N E tender *Kiss*, (I cry'd) *Sweet Blooming Maid*,  
 When on my Lips her Lips *Eæra* laid:  
 But, just prepar'd the promis'd Sweets to take,  
 Lo! quick her nimble Lips my Lips forsake.  
 Quick! as when starting back, in wild Surprise,  
 The new trod Snake th'unwary Trav'ler flies.

But now my eager Passion to allay,  
 Compleat, *Sweet-Blooming* Maid the am'rous Play,  
 This was to mock, *my Life*, not scant the Blifs;  
 This gave a Thirst of *Kissing*, but no *Kiss*.

---

## K I S S I V.

**N**OT *Kisses* thy fond Lips diffuse;  
 But *Nectar'd* Sweets! *Ambrosial* Dews!  
 Sweets! that recall the Soul from Death!  
 Such! as not Thyme, with balmy breath;  
 Such! as not Nard, in Spicy Gales;  
 Such! as not Cinnamum exhales!  
 Such! as ev'n Virgin Stores excell!  
 Which, labouring Bees, in waxen Cell;  
 Beneath their Osier Roof distill:  
 Drawn from *Hymettus'* fragrant Hill;  
 Or gather'd in *Cecropian* Bower  
 Where blooms the Rose Celestial Flower.  
 Not *Kisses* thy fond Lips diffuse;  
 But *Nectar'd* Sweets! *Ambrosial* Dews!

These, if, thus lavish, you bestow;  
 Sudden, shall *Immortal* grow!  
 Sudden! to *Gods*, exalted, rise;  
 And share the Banquets of the *Skies*!

Then, ah, forbear, *Sweet Maid*, forbear!  
 Spare, for my Sake, thy Bounty spare!  
 Or thou thy-self *Immortal* grow!  
 For without Thee, *Negara*, know;

Ev'n

Ev'n to the *Gods* I wou'd not rise :  
 Nor share the Banquets of the *Skies*.  
 No! not! Tho' all the *Pow'rs Above*;  
 The *Daughters* and the *Wives of Jove*;  
 Wou'd my Superior *God-head* own;  
 And seat me on the *Starry Throne*.

---

## K I S S V.

W H E N Thou, profuse of Heav'nly Charms,  
 Around Me throw'st those tender Arms;  
 And with that Neck, which lovely-twines;  
 And with that Breast, which soft-declines;  
 And with that sweetly-witching Face;  
 Hang on Me, thus, in fond Imbrace:

When Thou, those am'rous Lips of Thine,  
 Fit'st to these am'rous Lips of mine;  
 Those Lips! that thus, in rapt'rous Bliss,  
 Give and receive the *wounding Kiss*; ---  
 Give and receive the *treming Dart*: ---  
 Sweet Play! soft-thrilling to the Heart!  
 Or when thy Soul, or mine possiest,  
 My Life draws from my glowing Breast:  
 My Life! which scorching Heats destroy!  
 Burnt with Excess of fiercest Joy!

Or when thy Soul calls mine from Death;  
 And wafts new Life with humid Breath:  
 That Breath! which Vital Air requires!  
 And kindly cools my raging Fires!

Then,

Then, *dear Neera*, thus I cry;  
 (Then! as 'twixt Death and Life I lie.)  
 " *Love* is a Pow'r all Pow'rs above!  
 " There is no *greater* Pow'r than *Love*!  
 " Or if a *Greater* we allow;  
 " *Greater* than *Love*: That *Pow'r* art *Thou*!

---

## K I S S VI.

TWO Thousand *Kisses*, (in Exchange of Hearts)  
 As soft and Sweet as *Mutual-Love* imparts;  
 Of *Mutual-Faith*, the Terms, we jointly make.  
 I give a *Thousand*, and a *Thousand* take.  
 Fairly you paid the Number, *gracious Maid*!  
 Were *Love*, by any Number, fairly paid!  
 But *Love*, alas, to Number, never yields.  
 The Blades, Who numbers, of well-water'd Fields!  
 Who, *Queen of Plenty*, that extolls thy Praise,  
 Intreats Thee, *Ceres*, number'd Ears to raise?  
 Who, *Bacchus*, that thy pleasing Pow'r adores,  
 An Hundred Clusters fervilely implores?  
 Who, *Pales*, that thy bounteous Aid demands,  
 Lifts for a Thousand Bees vain-suppliant Hands?  
 When *Jove* descends in Floods of *Genial* Rain,  
 Who tells the Drops that cheer the thirsty Plains?  
 Or when *the God* assumes severer Arms;  
 With driving Winds the troubled *Air* alarms;  
 And Icy Bolts, o'er *Earth*, o'er *Ocean* pours;  
 Computes the Fragments of the rat'ling Show'rs?

All

Then,



All Things that fall to Mortals from the *Skies*,  
*Ætherial Gifts!* to Infinite arise.  
 Whether Auspicious or Averse They prove;  
 A Majesty that suits the House of *Jove!*  
 Then why, *bright Goddess!* --- (for that *Heav'nly Face*  
 Speaks thee a *Goddess* of *Celestial Race*,  
 Speaks Thee ev'n *Her* in Beauty to excell,  
 Who roams o'er the vast *Deep*s with a vagrant *Shell*.)  
 Why so exact, thy *Attributes Divine*,  
*Kisses* to bounded Numbers to confine?  
 Yet *Cruel*, number not my cease-less Sighs;  
 Nor Tears for-ever trickling from my Eyes?  
 Number, at-will, for ev'ry Tear a *Kiss*;  
 But number not, without the Pain, the Bliss.  
 Or give, to ease my Doubts, and lay my Fears,  
*Kisses* un-number'd for un-number'd Tears.

## K I S S VII.

**K**ISSES, in Rapture un-controul'd  
 An *Hundred* by an *Hundred* told; ---  
 An *Hundred*, yet too scanty Store,  
 Told by an ample *Thousand* o'er; ---  
 A *Thousand*, yet, e'er I refrain,  
 Told by a *Thousand* o'er again; ---  
 As many *Thousands* as before,  
 Told by as many *Thousands* more,  
 As are the Drops that fill the Main,  
 Or Stars that gild th' *Ætherial Plain*; ---  
 All *These*, and *Millions* yet untold; ---  
 While Thee, thus closely I infold,

Closely

Closely I'll give these Rosy Cheeks;  
This *Lip* that swells; this *Eye* that Speaks!

As fondly-clasping, Arms in Arms,  
Thy Lover thus devours thy Charms,  
and reaping *Kisses* now He seeks,  
Those Fields of *Roses*, blooming *Cheeks*,  
Now, to those *Lips*, soft-swelling, flies!  
Now, to those sweetly speaking *Eyes*!  
In vain thy restless Lover seeks,  
To view those rosy-blooming *Cheeks*!  
Nor rosy-blooming *Cheeks* He spies,  
Nor swelling *Lips*, nor speaking *Eyes*.  
Nor yet that Look of pleasing Smiles;  
That Look! which all his Cares beguiles.  
That Look! which, (as the *God of Day*  
Chases the gath'ring Clouds away,  
When thro' mid *Æther*, mildly bright,  
He guides the lucid *Steeds of Light*,  
Dispels the Shades, corrects the Storms,  
And all the *Face of Heav'n* reforms :)  
Still beaming-soft with Golden Rays,  
The Tumults of his Soul allays,  
Drives from his Eyes all mournful Tears,  
Drives from his Thoughts all gloomy Fears.

What jealous Wars, the while, arise,  
*Sweet Maid*! between my *Lips* and *Eyes*!  
While to possess *Thee*, all-intire,  
Now *These*, Now *Those* by Turns aspire!  
How shall I think to share thy Love?  
How bear a Rival ev'n of *Jove*?

When

When scarce my *Eyes* thy Beauties share!  
And scarce my *Lips* for Rivals bear!

---

## K I S S V I I I.

**B**Y what Folly ill-betray'd,  
*Witlefs Creature! Thoughtlefs Maid!*  
By what madding Fury-stung,  
Could'st Thou hurt this harm-lefs *Tongue*?

Sped by Thee, because no Dart  
Errs from my un-guarded Heart;  
Seems such Ill, no Art can cure,  
Such! so easy to indure?  
That, new Weapons to destroy  
On this *Tongue* Thou should'st imploy?  
*Tongue!* that wont with Suns that rise;  
Wont, with Suns that quit the Skies,  
Thro' sad Nights, thro' tedious Days:  
*Tongue!* ever-want to sing thy Praise?

This is He, the faithful *Tongue*,  
That so oft thy Praises sung.  
Sung! those Locks of easy Flow!  
Sung! those Breasts of Virgin Snow!  
Sung! that Neck, which lovely-twines!  
Sung! that Eye, which wanton-shines!  
Sung! in such harmonious Lays,  
As to *Heav'n Neera* raise;  
Far beyond the *Fires of Jove*:  
Envy of all the *God's above!*

*This!*

*This!* that sung Thee, my Delight!  
 Thee! Sole Pleasure of my Sight!  
 Thee! Sole Rapture of my Heart!  
 Thee! My Soul's far better Part!  
 Thee! My Passion! Thee! My Love!  
 Thee! My Turtle! Thee! My Dove!  
 Sung! in such harmonious Lays,  
 As to Heav'n *Næra* raise;  
 Envy of the Gods *Above!*  
 Envy of *Venus*, as of *Jove?*

Say, or hence proceeds thy Pride?  
*(Apt in Beauty to Confide!*  
 Hence thy Pow'r? *(Tyrannick Fair!)*  
 That He stoops those Wrongs to bear.  
 By no Insult mov'd, or Pain,  
 From thy Praises to abstain.  
 Still extolling to the Skies,  
 Those delicious Lips and Eyes!  
 Ev'n those Teeth, ill-govern'd Arms!  
 Wanton Authors of his Harms!  
 Stamm'ring midst his bleeding Wounds,  
 Still He sings in broken Sounds!  
*Apt in Beauty to Confide!*  
*Fair Tyrant!* hence thy Pow'r and Pride.

## K I S S IX.

**B**E not still *kissing* Me, still smiling,  
 Always fond, and always willing;  
 Sweetly speaking, softly fighting,  
 Ever on my Bosom lying!  
 F

AN

All Things have their certain Measure;  
 Narrow Bounds are fix'd to Pleasure.  
 Whate'er affects with most Delight,  
 Soonest cloy the Appetite.

When I for *thrice-three Kisses* sue,  
 Take *Sev'n* away, and grant but Two;  
 Yet *Neither* long, and balmy *Neither*;  
*Such*, as the Virgin gives her Father!  
 And chaste as *Those* that are bestow'd  
 By *Cynthia* on her *Brother-God*!  
 Then start from me, in wanton Play,  
 And trip, with swimming Pace, away;  
 Into some secret Corner fly,  
 And hide in Darkness from my Eye.

Your Steps thro' Darkness will I trace,  
 And search the most retired Place.  
 Like some proud Victor will I lay  
 My eager Hands upon my Prey.  
 I'll toss, and towze, and rifle You,  
 As Hawks the tim'rous Turtle do.

You, your humble Hands shall rear;  
 Submissive, beg me to forbear;  
 And hope *sev'n Kisses* may in-gage  
 My easy Heart; and bribe my Rage.

In vain! --- You *sev'n-times sev'n* shall give,  
 To win my Grace; *poor Fugitive*!  
 My Arms around that Neck in-twin'd,  
 Shall all the while my Captive bind.

When, paid the Price, I loose my Arms,  
 Then shall You swear by all your Charms;

When,



If this Way I resent such Crimes,  
You'd play the Trick a-thousand-times.

---

## K I S S X.

**N**O certain *Kiss* one certain Way repeat.  
Thus try'd, the Sweetest ceases to be sweet.  
For as moist *Kisses* thrill the yielding Blood,  
With humid Lips on humid Lips bestow'd;  
So warmer *Kisses* warmer Joys inspire,  
And the rapt Soul with madding Transport fire.  
Not less Delight, to *Kiss* fond --- rolling Eyes,  
And view the Authors of our Tears and Sighs;  
Or, as to the lov'd Neck or Cheek We cling,  
In am'rous Trance, see fresher Roses spring;  
And tell-tale Signs, by wanton Teeth imprest,  
On snow-white Shoulder rise, or snow-white Breast.  
From trembling Lips to change the trembling Darts;  
And mutual Souls im-mix from mutual Hearts:  
While *Love* lies panting for a Gasps of Breath,  
Now! now! just struggling betwixt Life and Death!  
Me, charm all Measures of the tender Sport;  
*Kisses!* or quick, or slow; or long or short;  
(Sweet Mixture! tedious Languor to relieve!)  
Whether I give, or whether I receive.  
Such as You get, return not, *charming Maid!*  
Let *Either* summon artful Change to Aid.  
And who the first un-vary'd *Kiss* applies;  
Attend this Judgment with submissive Eyes.  
" As many *Kisses* as were told before;  
" As *Either* offer'd and as *Either* bore;  
" The vanquish'd Lover to the Victor pays  
" So many *Kisses*, told so many Ways.



A N  
**E P I G R A M,**  
 O N  
**K I S S I N G.**



YCINNA scorns my KISSES; They are  
 Chaste!

Enerv'd I seem in her experienc'd Taste.  
 And ÆLIA calls ME, "BARD WITH  
 "LANGUID STRINGS,"

She that to Love in Streets her Off'rings brings.  
 Perhaps, my utmost STRENGTH They seek to know!  
 And VIGOR prove! --- Go! HATEFUL WANTONS GO!  
 My STRENGTH, my VIGOR long despair to find.  
 For You these KISSES never were design'd.  
 Never for You were these soft Measures wrought;  
 Read ME, ye tender BRIDES of BOYS un-taught!  
 Read ME, of BRIDES un-taught ye tender BOYS!  
 Yet new to VENUS sweetly-varying Joys!

THE



# The Happy Bride.

## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*An Invocation of Venus and Phoebus: A Description of the Spring; about which Time Cassandra retir'd into a Vale to receive the cool Breezes of the Evening, where she laid herself down upon a Bank, and fell into a gentle Slumber: Celario's accidental coming to the Place; he admires its Situation, the Pleasantness of the Evening, and the setting of the Sun, &c. His first View of Cassandra asleep, and the mixture of Pleasure, and Uneasiness he received at the Sight: Her waking, and flying away from her Retirement; with Celario's Disquiet, and falling into Excess of Passion.*



AD me, O Venus! Beauty's pow'ful Queen,  
Who reign'st o'er Earth and Air, o'er Gods  
and Men;

Who driv'st from mortal Thoughts all vulgar  
Care,

And settlest Bliss and tender Softness there:

## 54 THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

Around whose Throne the wanton Graces play, 5  
 And add fresh Brightness to immortal Day.  
 Come, lovely Goddess! with your smiling Train,  
 Which glitter'd round thee on th' *Idalian* Plain;  
 Come with that heav'nly Splendor in your Eyes,  
 That Blush of Red which paints the Morning Skies;  
 Mix'd with the Lilly's Whiteness in your Face, 11  
 That Shape and Mein, and that celestial Grace;  
 That balmy Breath of Summer's Ev'ning Air,  
 And all which made thee, to a wonder Fair,  
 When thou wast crown'd with Love's resistless Sway,  
 And taught the World that Pow'r of Love to obey: 16  
 Immortal *Venus* come! and glad my Sight  
 With these Enchantments of supreme Delight;  
 Or to my Thought be your Idea join'd,  
 That softest Strains may warble from my Mind. 20  
 And *Phæbus*, thou assist the gentle Song  
 With Lines, which flow from your melodious Tongue;  
 Let sweetest Musick from my Numbers play,  
 And to each female Breast steal soft away.  
 O deign to aid a youthful Poet's Lays, 25  
 Who claims no fickle Fame, or sounding Praise;  
 But all his Wishes are to please the Fair,  
 To melt the Heart, and smooth the list'ning Ear.  
 Careless of other's Choice, or peevish Blame,  
 Instruct my Muse to tune her Song to them: 30  
 And thou, the Fairest of the beauteous Train,  
 With Pleasure listen to my grateful Strain;  
 Thy cheering Smiles, O charming - - - - give,  
 And let this Tribute with thy Vertues live.

Thus may I sing *Cassandra's* happy Tale, 35  
 How Sense at length did over Charms prevail;

How

# THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

55

How Female Minds can glitt'ring Beaus despise,  
And fix on Merit their consenting Eyes:  
How glad *Celario* all his Thoughts employs  
On taintless Beauty, and the truest Joys;  
After a tedious Time of Anguish past,  
How both sincerely love, and how they're blest at last.

40

'Twas in that Season when the Earth is gay,  
And ev'ry Sun shines forth a glorious Day;  
When Nature smiles amidst a joyful Scene,  
And pleasing Fields are clad in lively Green;  
When balmy Flow'rs their painted Leaves unfold,  
Or blush in Scarlet, or appear in Gold;  
When silver Drops of soft descending Rain  
Refresh the Glade, and cheer the smiling Plain;  
When all the senseless World, and all which move,  
Enjoy the Sweets of Harmony and Love:  
Then was *Celario's* Breast first taught to know  
The inward Pangs of soft tormenting Woe;  
Then did his Heart the Pains, the Pleasures prove,  
And ev'ry various Turn of glowing Love,  
New Passions fir'd his Breast unfelt before,  
And all his Senses bow'd to Beauty's Pow'r.

45

50

56

Down in a Dale, where joyous Nature made,  
With bowing Greens, a most delightful Shade;  
The best Retreat to please a Virgin's Breast,  
To soften Cares and lull the Soul to rest;  
The fair *Cassandra* walk'd, where bending Trees  
Fann'd all around the cooling Ev'ning Breeze.  
She heard the tuneful Lark with pleasure sing,  
And tasted all the Sweets of smiling Spring.

60

65

Beneath

How



## 56 THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

Beneath her Feet a cryſtal Riv'let play'd,  
 And thro' the circling Grotto gently ſtray'd,  
 The op'ning Blooms a grateful Smell diſcloſe,  
 The faireſt Lilly and the bluſhing Roſe,  
 The Jeſſ'mine here, and there the Suckling grows.  
 Not far from hence a Bank of various Hue,  
 Bedeck'd in Green, and with the Vi'lets Blue;  
 With beck'ning Smiles invites the wand'ring Fair  
 To Downy Reſt, ſecure from anxious Care:  
 Upon this pleaſing Seat ſhe gently laid,  
 And on her ſnowy Hand ſhe lean'd her Head.  
 The Stream with ſmoother Current pur'l'd along,  
 And all the Birds with ſweeter Muſick ſung:  
 At length her nodding Senſes ſeem to doſe,  
 And peaceful Slumbers ev'ry Thought compoſe.

Like *Venus*' ſelf ſhe ſhin'd ſerene and bright,  
 And ſcatter'd round the Shade a Flood of Light:  
 The lively Trees their trembling Limbs bow'd down,  
 And circl'd round her Head a leafy Crown.  
 The Riv'let ſeem'd to gaze, and wiſh'd to ſtay,  
 So much it ſigh'd, and mov'd ſo ſlow away;  
 E'en glitt'r'ng *Phæbus* rear'd his golden Head,  
 And look'd with Envy from his purple Bed:  
 At ſight of her ſhe ſhrunk into a Cloud,  
 And wrapt his Face within a fable Shroud;  
 Bluſhing to find his radiant Pow'r outdone,  
 And ſee on Earth a far more glorious Sun.

To this Retreat by chance *Celario* came,  
 In Mind ſedate, untouch'd by Beauty's Flame;  
 With Joy he gaz'd upon the crimſon Sky,  
 The ſetting Sun, and circling Clouds on high;

Which

# THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

57

Which glitter'd all around the distant Mead,  
A golden Hue, mix'd with a lively Red.  
He list'ned to each Bird's delicious Note, 100  
And saw the crystal Riv'let gently float ;  
Observ'd the blooming Flow'rs, the shady Trees,  
And felt the Breathing of the cooling Breeze.  
These Nature's Beauties he alone admir'd,  
And with a gen'rous Sense of Heav'n was fir'd ; 105  
That glorious Pow'r he prais'd, whose Hand bestow'd  
These wond'rous Blessings for a World of Good.

At length he wander'd to the silent Shade,  
Where wrapp'd in Rest the lovely Virgin laid ;  
Where under bending Trees the Nymph had chose  
To breathe the balmy Air, and soft Repose : 111  
Her dazzling Charms now flash'd upon his Sight,  
As swift as Thought, and fair as Heav'n-born Light ;  
Stedfast he seem'd to gaze with deep Surprise,  
And sacred Homage sat within his Eyes : 115  
Fix'd to the Ground he stood, whilst trembling Fear  
Shot thro' his Limbs, like Damps of wintry Air :  
Both pain'd and pleas'd at once he seem'd to be,  
Now gaz'd, then turn'd, as if he dar'd not see ;  
Now back he started, then he forward stole, 120  
Such various Passions seiz'd upon his Soul.  
At length he thought whate'er so bright cou'd shine,  
Must mean no ill, but surely be divine ;  
For can it be, that any Pow'r is giv'n  
'To ought that's ill, to shape itself like Heav'n ? 125  
Thus he a while revolv'd within his Mind,  
Then thought again, and vary'd like the Wind ;  
Upon her Form he rivetted his Sight,  
Too soon enchanted with the dear Delight.

Her

Her fair clos'd Eyes he view'd, her Shape and Air,  
 Which mix'd with a Pleasure with a trembling Fear.  
 A thousand Beauties revell'd in her Face, 132  
 And ev'ry Feature spoke a pleasing Grace.  
 Her Lips were moisten'd with a balmy Dew,  
 And of the fairest Morn's Vermilion Hue: 135  
 The Lilly's Whiteness, and the Roses Red,  
 With beaut'ous Bloom, were in her Cheeks display'd;  
 The flut'ring Breezes did around her stray,  
 Snatch'd fragrant Kisses, and then sigh'd away:  
 He feasted on her Smiles, her gentle Mein, 140  
 And all that Heav'n of Love which might be seen;  
 Nor did his modest Fancy wish the Rest,  
 His Sight he charm'd, and thought himself too blest.  
 But ah! unhappy Chance, whilst thus the Swain,  
 'Twixt Hope and Fear, a Pleasure and a Pain, 145  
 Was seiz'd with deep Surprize, the lovely Maid.  
 Who all the time in downy Sleep was laid,  
 With panting Sighings trembled at her Breast,  
 As if some frightful Dream had broke her Rest:  
 A dewy Damp her changing Cheeks o'er-spread,  
 Sudden she started from the flow'ry Bed, 151  
 Unclos'd her Eyes, and rear'd her trembling Head:  
 When soon she saw the Swain *Celario* near,  
 Aloud she shriek'd, and spoke some dismal Fear:  
 "Hah! art thou there, she said --- thou Monster foul,  
 "Bane to my Rest, and Torture to my Soul; 156  
 "Thank Heav'n --- I was forewarn'd within my Dream,  
 "Thou worst of Satyrs of thy lustful Flame."  
 This spoke, like Light'ning's Blast away she flies,  
 And darts Resentment from her angry Eyes. 160

So when the harmless Turtle seeks Repose,  
 And on some shady Tree begins to dose,

THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

59

If frightful Men pass by her verdant Seat,  
She quickly leaves her late secure Retreat :  
With trembling Wings she cleaves the yielding Air, 165  
And adds more Swiftness to her Flight by Fear.

Amaz'd and thoughtful sad *Celario* stood,  
Now chilling Coldness seiz'd his vital Blood :  
Now fiercer Fires into his Breast return,  
And flame like those when raging Fevers burn. 170  
Thrice he essay'd to ask th' affrighted Maid,  
Why did she fly, of whom was she afraid ?  
What horrid Story did she mean to tell ?  
And what her Tongue so trembled to reveal ?  
Much did he strive to speak, but strove in vain, 175  
Whilst she, coy Fair, fled o'er the distant Plain.

Now did restless Love begin to sway,  
And teach his new-found Subject to obey :  
O'er all his Soul th' imperial Tyrant reigns,  
And spreads like Poison thro' his glowing Veins.  
First, he began to rave, and speak his Pain, 181  
Then wept and mourn'd, then wildly rav'd again :  
Now sat him down, his Hand sustain'd his Head,  
Then threw himself upon the flow'ry Bed ;  
Now rose and walk'd, then curs'd the treach'rous Day,  
Wish'd 'twas eternal Night, then dy'd away : 186  
A clayey Chilness darted thro' his Breast,  
As if he'd fled to his eternal Rest.  
Thus for a time he laid in Damps of Cold,  
And to his panting Bosom grasp'd the Mould. 190  
At length he rear'd him from the deadly Mass,  
Then star'd aghast, and wonder'd where he was ;  
Now seem'd to think to wreck his wand'ring Mind,  
Then mix'd these trembling Words amidst the Wind.

“ Where

“ Where shall I fly, to whom shall I complain, 195  
“ And tell this Anguish, this Excess of Pain?  
“ Shall I to Men th’ unhappy Tale make known?  
“ Ah! --- some have too much Sorrow of their own;  
“ Others with Bliss may all their Thoughts employ,  
“ And can they hear of Grief, who think on Joy?  
“ To Heaven then, I’ll tell my secret Flame, 201  
“ Yet oh! to Heav’n, it was from thence it came.  
“ Let me then tell it to that Hell below,  
“ Where Wretches dwell, but they delight in Woe.  
“ Here, here I’ll sit me down, and sigh and mourn,  
“ Whilst back unto myself my Complaints return; 206  
“ I’ll tell it to the Streams, the Winds shall hear,  
“ They’ll give me Sigh for Sigh, and Tear for Tear.”  
Thus feelingly he moan’d his tort’ring Pain,  
It mov’d Compassion in the neighb’ring Plain; 210  
There, dying Echo’s caught the mournful Tale,  
And sent it back unto the distant Vale.







## BOOK II.

### The ARGUMENT.

**C**ELARIO grown weary of his Retirement, wanders about in pursuit of CASSANDRA; but finding it in vain, and being tir'd, he lays himself down upon the Ground, and falls asleep. She appears to him in a Dream, and seems to tell him the Reason of her being affrighted, and flying from the Place where he first saw her: That she had heard of his Love, and would look with Scorn upon all the trifling Beaus she formerly adber'd to, and think on him alone. But at length the Excess of Joy, which this Phanton occasion'd, wakes him from his Rest. He grows more uneasy at finding it but a flattering Vision, and afterwards addresses himself to CUPID, who is unmindful of his Complaint, tho' at the same time he is heard by VENUS, and favour'd with her Assistance.



T length grown weary of his sad Retreat,  
He rose, and left the now unpleasing Seat;  
Thence swiftly flies with deep and restless  
Care,

Hunts ev'ry Dale to seek the wand'ring Fair:

G

No

## 62 THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

No Fair he finds to cure his Grief's Excess,  
 Now seeks for Patience as his best Redress.  
 Thus springs the wounded Stag from out the Wood,  
 Imbrewing all the Hills with purple Blood,  
 To find Relief, and ease his deadly Smart,  
 While in his Breast remains the fatal Dart :  
 So sad *Celario* strives in vain to find,  
 Relentless Patience to relieve his Mind,  
 For Patience proves as cruel as his Fair,  
 Flies from his Search, and leaves him to his Care.  
 The troubled Sea wou'd sooner be at rest,  
 At his Command, than his more troubled Breast,  
 When Heav'n permits the blust'ring Winds to blow,  
 And causes all the Waves to ebb and flow.

In frantick Mood, to ev'ry Hill and Grove,  
 He hastes for Succour, and reveals his Love ;  
 The Hills and Groves give Pity to his Moan,  
 And all things hear him, but the Fair alone.  
 To ev'ry Nymph he tells his wretched Pain,  
 And where she's fled, enquires of ev'ry Swain.  
 Each joyful Swain his Anguish wou'd remove,  
 Bids him be happy, and forget his Love :  
 Each gentle Nymph with Envy treats the Fair,  
 And bids him take some kinder to his Care.  
 But this is Counsel which he must despise,  
 The way to win, is wisely to advise.  
 In fruitless Search he spent the ling'ring Day,  
 And strove in vain to chase his Cares away.  
 So seeks the Pilot on the pathless Main,  
 'Midst stormy Winds, and black'ning Show'rs of Rain,  
 To find the Brightness of his guiding Star,  
 Which yet remains unsound in gloomy Air.

The

The weary Sun had now repos'd his Head,  
 For golden Slumbers on his fable Bed ;  
 The silver Orb of *Cynthia's* feeble Light  
 Rear'd her faint Beams, and spoke approaching Night : 40  
 The Swain tir'd out with Grief, his Eye-lids clos'd,  
 Then laid him down, and with the Sun repos'd.  
 The cold and clayey Earth he gently press'd,  
 While shiv'ring Breezes fann'd his glowing Breast ;  
 When straight the Nymph, his Thoughts perpetual  
 Theme, 45  
 With gentle Mein, with winning Softness came,  
 And stood before him in a pleasing Dream.

Like Heaven's Queen she seem'd, divinely fair,  
 A thousand Charms disclaiming artful Care,  
 Sport in her Form, and revel in her Air : 50  
 The little wanton Lovers, serene and gay,  
 Smile in her Face, and in her Bosom play ;  
 Such various Sweets displays the radiant Eye  
 Of blushing Morning in a crystal Sky :  
 Trembling and glad, transported and amaz'd, 55  
 With sudden Starts, the panting Lover gaz'd ;  
 Her beaut'ous Form did all his Thoughts employ,  
 And ev'ry Sorrow melted into Joy.  
 He seem'd to revel in a Maze of Charms,  
 And clasp the dear Delusion in his Arms ; 65  
 When with a gentle Voice the lovely Maid,  
 (While on her downy Breast he lean'd his Head,)  
 Thus deign'd to say, or thus he thought she said :  
 " Rise, rise, *Celario*, ever-faithful Swain,  
 " For lo ! I've heard, and pity all your Pain ; 65

" Wing'd by Surprise from my Retreat I flew,  
 " As little thinking what I saw was you:  
 " A dreadful Dream has ruffled all my Mind,  
 " And made me frantick as the trembling Wind.  
 " Methought I saw an horrid Satyr rise, 70  
 " Who star'd me into shame with frightful Eyes:  
 " Such Words he spoke, too horrible to tell,  
 " Which he nor blush'd, nor faulter'd to reveal:  
 " A deadly Dagger, dy'd in reeking Blood,  
 " Unsheath'd, he brandish'd, as he threat'ning stood,  
 " Which seem'd alone to know the way to kill, 76  
 " When stedfast Virtue disobey'd his Will:  
 " This oft he darted at my trembling Head,  
 " Then cou'd, ah ! cou'd you blame me that I fled?  
 " No ; 'tis not for my Flight you blame me then, 80  
 " But that I've wasted Smiles on senseless Men ;  
 " Have been regardless of Respect that's due  
 " To Truth and Wisdom, Gratitude and you ;  
 " Made scoff of those who Sense and Virtue know,  
 " To please that witless glitt'ring thing a Beau : 85  
 " Those gaudy Forms our sickle Eyes may move,  
 " But Sense alone creates a lasting Love.  
 " Yet thus rebellious to th' imperial Boy,  
 " No Anguish I endur'd, and felt no Joy :  
 " Take me, O take me to his gentle Reign, 90  
 " I've learnt to love by learning Lovers Pain :  
 " For now my Morn of Life is rose to Day,  
 " And ductile Years expand bright Wisdom's way.  
 " From all those Triflers I'll with Scorn remove,  
 " And fix my Heart where Merit bids me love : 95  
 " With thee my Joy began, with thee shall end,  
 " Thou best Companion, and thou dearest Friend."

Here Height of Passion robb'd him of the Bliss,  
 For Joy is Pain when lifted to Excess :  
 He started from the Earth, and rear'd his Head, 100  
 While with his Rest the airy Vision fled ;  
 Thro' all the gloomy Place he stretch'd his Sight,  
 By *Cynthia* favour'd with a twinkling Light ;  
 His longing Looks survey'd the lonely Ground,  
 To find the Nymph ; but when no Nymph he found,  
 Again to Slumber he'd resign his Eyes, 106  
 But wish'd-for Slumber as unkindly flies.  
 Yet still the dear Idea haunts his Mind,  
 And smiles upon him affable and kind :  
 Her charming Voice still thrills within his Ear, 110  
 And fix'd he stands, as in suspense to hear :  
 But soon these airy Phantoms ceas'd to please,  
 fled all away, and with them fled his Ease.  
 What now remains to sooth his languid Heart,  
 This flatt'ring Dream but added to his Smart ; 115  
 Yet tho' it cur'd not, but encreas'd his Pain,  
 He wish'd (strange Force of Love ! ) to dream again.

So when the Warriour feels an aching Wound,  
 He seeks no Cure, but still maintains his Ground ;  
 Heedless of Danger, does at all things dare, 120  
 Pants after Glory, and pursues the War.

Throughout the Gloom, the Swain with Grief and  
 Scorn  
 Of all things, but his Fairest, rov'd till Morn :



Yet what avail'd the Morn or Day to him?  
 Nought by the Nymph had share of his Esteem. 125  
 No Glimpse of Joy cou'd sooth his pining Care.  
 Divert his Grief, or turn him from Dispair:  
 All Commerce with the World he wish'd to shun,  
 The Air he hated, and the splendid Sun,  
 Retir'd to Shades again, and sigh'd alone: 130  
 Or to some lonely Cave that's free from Light,  
 Where Rest is wrapt with eternal Night;  
 He sought to sooth his never-ceasing Pain,  
 And left the Walks of ev'ry joyful Swain.  
 Not even Harmony cou'd give him Rest, 135  
 Whose Charms have Pow'r to sooth a savage Breast;  
 For gentle *Silvia* tun'd a pleasing Song,  
 And Musick's Softness thrill'd upon her Tongue;  
 Yet he remain'd unmov'd in deep Distress,  
 Whilst other Hearers melted into Bliss. 140

Thus long he pin'd, and wander'd here and there,  
 To seek the Nymph, the Cause of all his Care;  
 But finding none, he beats his panting Breast,  
 And to the God of Love himself address'd:  
 These suppliant Words his sullen Silence broke, 145  
 And Echo's self seem'd list'ning as he spoke.

" O Thou enchanting Babe! thou lovely Boy!  
 " Thou Son of gentle *Venus*, heav'nly Joy,  
 " Who by thy Pow'r, or never-failing Skill,  
 " Mak'st Gods and Men obedient to thy Will; 150  
 " With lively Influence of thy bright'ning Ray,  
 " From vulgar Minds can drive dull Cares away;

" Stir

" Stir them to sensual Bliss, and make them great  
 " As mighty Monarchs 'midst a World of State ;  
 " But in the noble Soul what Sense you move, 155  
 " Of Virtue, Friendship, and eternal Love :  
 " Oh ! lay aside thy pointed Arrows now,  
 " Thy deadly Poison, and thy gilded Bow !  
 " Come with my Mother's sweet endearing Smiles,  
 " Her cordial Looks, but not her treach'rous Wiles ;  
 " Come to me now with your auspicious Aid, 161  
 " And kindly heal the cruel Wound you've made."

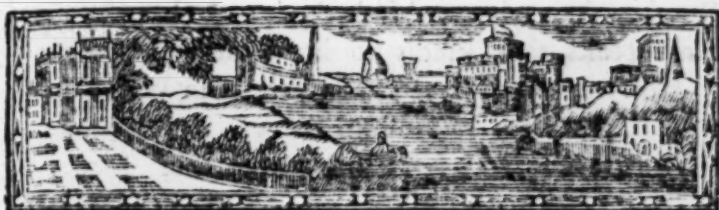
Thus he the Trifler begg'd, but begg'd in vain,  
 For *Cupid's* chief Delight is Mortal's Pain :  
 He smiles to see a pining Swain's Despair, 165  
 A tortur'd Slave, and a relentless Fair.  
 Ah ! heedless Lover, to address that Pow'r,  
 To think the Hand who gave thee Grief wou'd cure :  
 And shou'd he make *Cassandra* feel his Dart,  
 That every Blow might heal a double Smart ; 170  
 Love shoots but one, to cause a Lover's Pain,  
 For t' other's Wound might heal them both again.

But what if *Cupid's* Joy be Men's Distress,  
 The Joy of *Venus* is their am'rous Bliss :  
 She heard the Swain, her Breast with Pity mov'd,  
 For more he loves than ever Mortal lov'd. 176  
 Unask'd she list'ned to his humble Pray'r,  
 And made his Suff'rings her peculiar Care.  
 The gentle Goddess wav'd her sportive Head,  
 Commanded silence, and each Pow'r obey'd ; 180  
 Enchanting Musick melted on her Tongue,  
 And thus she sweetly said, or thus she sang :

" Where

" Where is this little God, this treach'rous Boy ?  
 " Pain of the Earth, altho' of Heav'n the Joy :  
 " Tell me, ye Nymphs, where is my *Cupid* fled,  
 " What pleasing Mischief roves within his Head ?  
 " Go, seek the Trifler, wheresoe'er he be, 187  
 " Fly, swiftly fly, and bring him here to me."  
 With Duty wing'd, they flew like glancing Air,  
 Sought ev'ry Place with more than usual Care : 190  
 At length they found him aiming with his Dart,  
 His Bow just drawn, to strike a trembling Heart ;  
 Which soon they seiz'd, and to the Goddess brought  
 Th' affrighted Babe, as 'quick as human Thought ;  
 Sullen and sad he look'd, but bowing still, 195  
 He ask'd his Mamma her imperial Will.





## B O O K   I I I .

### The AUGUMENT.

*V E N U S* reasons with *C U P I D* concerning the Pains of mortal Minds, which he is the Author of, and commands him to inform *Cassandra* of *Celario's* Love, and to ease his Care. Accordingly he descends unseen, and finds the Nymph smiling upon a Crowd of Fops and Beaus, until *Celario* (who was before acquainted where he might find her) comes to the same Place, and tells her his Passion. At first he meets with a Denial, which *Cupid* himself seems to be pleas'd with : But *Venus* reminding him by some secret Intimation of his Message, he performs it, and privately ascends. At length *Cassandra* begins to feel the Effects of Love, and permits *Hymen* to celebrate their Nuptials ; which, with a short Relation of their mutual Happiness, concludes the Whole.



O W *Venus* smiles her little God to see,  
And gently lifts him to her tott'ring Knee ;  
Her twining Arms about his Neck she throws,  
And balmy Kisses on his Lips bestows ;

Receives

Receives him with a Mother's dearest Joy,  
 And speaks thus kindly to her fondling Boy :  
 " How can you, *Cupid*, thus delight in Woe,  
 " And give such Anguish to the World below ?  
 " Mistake me not, I do not blame thee, Dear,  
 " That thou'rt the Author of a Lover's Care :  
 " But then I'd have thee, after some Distress,  
 " To crown thy Conquest with a gen'rous Bliss.  
 " Is it not Virtue to be just and kind,  
 " And give a Cordial to th' afflicted Mind ?  
 " Ev'n Men themselves, altho' they cannot heal  
 " The Lover's Pain, a soft Compassion feel :  
 " And shall it e'er be said, that Man's so good,  
 " When all is wanting in a pow'ful God ?  
 " Think better, Child, and ease this gentle Swain,  
 " Go tell *Cassandra* of his careful Pain ;  
 " Fly to the Fair, and teach her Heart of Steel  
 " The pineing Anguish which fond Lovers feel ;  
 " Instruct her well the soft'ning Tale of Love,  
 " Which we ourselves have deign'd to learn above :  
 " Haste, dearest Boy, and these Commands obey."  
 She spoke, he bow'd, and cut his airy Way.

Each gay Attendant in his Station flies,  
 And joyful ranges o'er the limpid Skies ;  
 By wanton Sparrows drawn, his gilded Car  
 Steers by the Wind, and cleaves the yielding Air :  
 To Earth they pinion from the Realms of Light,  
 (As Gods are never seen by human Sight,)  
 Clad in a Cloud, and wrapt in fable Night.

Thus secret and unknown the Fair he found,  
 Where senseless glitt'ring Beaus stood all around,  
 Snatching



THE LADIES MISCELLANY. . 71

Snatching the Glances of her sparkling Eyes,  
 Whilst one rejoices, t' other sighs, and dies.  
 Her Smiles she lavish'd 'midst this gaudy Crew,  
 Till wing'd by Love, *Celario* hither flew ;  
 Where Fame had told him he might find his Fair, 40  
 Or rather guided by his shining Star  
 The heav'nly *Venus*, who with kind Relief  
 Rewarded all his Care, and eas'd his Grief.  
 Whelm'd in a Flood of Joy, he scarce cou'd find  
 A Tongue to tell his ever-faithful Mind : 45  
 Down to the Earth he lowly bow'd his Head,  
 Then gaz'd upon her Form, and blush'd and said :  
 " Forgive me, Fair, who bear'st such pow'rful Sway,  
 " And learn'st the World, like Gods themselves, t'obey.  
 " If thus to Beauty's Shrine I trembling move, 50  
 " Pay all my Vows, and dare to tell my Love ;  
 " An Age of Pain for you alone I've born,  
 " Then do not quit me with an Age of Scorn :  
 " Let pitying Softness all your Bosom warm,  
 " And love Compassion, as you love to charm. 55  
 " As Heaven on thee its gracious Pow'r bestow'd,  
 " Like Heaven be tender, and delight in Good :  
 " No common Motive stirs my purest Flame,  
 " Which fullies Love with self-tormenting Shame,  
 " But real Friendship, dearest, best esteem. 60  
 " Others may win thee with more pleasing Air,  
 " But none respect thee with a Faith so dear.  
 " O smile upon my Hopes ! indulgent Maid,  
 " And ease the Anguish which your Eyes have made."

Thus spoke the Swain, with Stops and seeming Stay,  
 As if he oft had wanted Words to say ;

But

But gentle *Venus* gave her gracious Aid,  
And oft she whisper'd what he trembling said.

So when some skilful Poet tunes his Lays,  
And sings of Heav'n, of Love, or Beauty's Praise,  
Of'times his Meaning falters on his Tongue, 71  
And Words are wanting to express his Song;  
When straight his Genius to his Aid is brought,  
And Words attend on Words as quick as Thought.  
The beaut'ous Fair, who heard the Lover's Tale, 75  
As kind as if his Speech did all prevail,  
Smil'd at his tim'rous Suit, and thus rejoin'd,  
Tho' oft she vary'd in her secret Mind.

" 'Tis true, *Celario*, I have heard thy Name,  
" Thy Sense, and Virtues prais'd by sounding Fame;  
" Have heard you love, and pity your Distress; 81  
" But what is Pity, when it wants Redress?  
" I own you justly may upbraid my Mind,  
" And call it base, obdurate, and unkind:  
" Others may make you happier far than I, 85  
" 'Tis easy to forget my Pow'r and try:  
" Or can you teach my Heart how Love shall be;  
" I'll grant your Suit, and give it all to thee.  
" But now forgive me, if I can't remove  
" From what I think my Joy, to live on Love, 90  
" To leave the Pleasures of a Virgin State,  
" Admir'd by one alone, is what I hate."

This said, again she smil'd, and all round  
The Beaus, with witless Laughter, shook the Ground;  
Ev'n *Cupid's* self, unseen, was pleas'd to hear 95  
These cruel Words, and see the Swain's Despair:

But kinder *Venus*, by some secret Way,  
 The trifling God reminded to obey :  
 When straight he level'd his unwilling Dart,  
 It faintly flew, but touch'd the Virgin's Heart : 100  
 A Lover's Softness, which she blush'd to find,  
 Seiz'd on her stubborn Breast, and mov'd her Mind.  
 The little Archer made no longer stay,  
 But, call'd by *Venus*, swiftly fled away.

Now gen'rous Passions in each Breast arise, 105  
 And seem to speak in both their conscious Eyes ;  
 The Nymph began to hate the gaudy Train,  
 And think on none but her devoted Swain.  
 Some fair Excuse she made, and left the Place,  
 While sad Confusion sat on ev'ry Face : 110  
 The glitt'ring Beaus with little Pain retir'd,  
 For by their Eyes is ev'ry Nymph admir'd.  
 To some more simple She they'll now remove,  
 Swear idle Vows, and prattle senseless Love ;  
 Pretend to cruel Pain, and soft Distress, 115  
 And win those Beauties who are won by Dress ;  
 Whose chief Delight is diff'rent Means to try,  
 To make those gaudy Foplings sigh and die :  
 A thousand various Arts and Ways they have  
 To mar those Charms which bounteous Nature gave. 120

So oft' unspotted Forms in Picture shine,  
 The Canvass seems to live, the Work divine :  
 But if to mend some Hand unskilful tries,  
 The Work grows tainted, and the Picture dies.

Yet drown'd in Care, the nobler Swain withdrew, 125  
 And to his kinder Fair he quickly flew ;  
 For Passion, as he thought, did seem to speak  
 Within her Breast, and pleaded for his sake.

H

When

Then what Desires in Female Minds can be ?  
 What Wishes can they have, which Love can't see ?  
 Again he tells her of his true Respect,  
 And now she hears him with no mean Neglect ;  
 But all propitious to his suppliant Pray'r,  
 She stopt his Speech, and thus redress'd his Care.

131

“ Too much you've suffer'd for *Cassandra's* sake,  
 “ And some Return my Reason bids me make ; 136  
 “ Or it wou'd be ungrateful and untrue,  
 “ And that wou'd pain me more, than Love pains you :  
 “ For sure no other Fault can be,  
 “ As base Ingratitude has seem'd to me. 140  
 “ Yet why did you not seek some private Time ?  
 “ For tho' no Fame can say your Love's a Crime,  
 “ You shou'd have whisper'd in a Virgin's Ear ;  
 “ For Love's a Tale they ever blush to hear :  
 “ But still in Honour's sacred Ways pursue, 145  
 “ And all my future Thoughts shall smile on you.”  
 A sweet Vermillion Blush her Cheeks o'er-spread,  
 While on his panting Breast she lean'd her Head.

And now such Joy's Excess, such heav'nly Pow'r  
 The Lover feels, as ne'er was felt before ; 150  
 A boundless Pleasure leapt in ev'ry Part,  
 And Raptures revell'd at his panting Heart.  
 No greater Blessing cou'd his Wish desire,  
 Nor ev'n Ambition' self to happier Thoughts aspire.

At length glad *Hymen*, ever just and kind, 155  
 Joins both their Hands, with which their Hearts are join'd.  
 The sacred Pow'rs of Love behold with Pride,  
 A faithful Bridegroom, and a happy Bride.

All

THE LADIES MISCELLANY. 75

All Nature smiles, and looks more bright and gay,  
To hail their Joys, and bless the glorious Day. 160  
Their well-pair'd Minds the Marriage Pleasures prove,  
And taste the Sweets of Harmony and Love :

No loud domestick Jars their Ease molest,  
But each in t' other's Temper truly blest,  
Partakes the Balm of soft and pleasing Rest. 165

They live together with a dear Esteem,  
He joys in her alone, and she in him.  
If ever in her Mind she hid a Care,  
To him unknown, she robb'd him of his Share :

Whene'er he talk'd, she list'ned to his Tongue, 170  
Sweet Songs of her he made, which she as sweetly sung.

And still as Time with stealing Swiftnes flies,  
Each finds in t' other's Soul new Beauties rise.  
With him her lasting Charms will ever stay,  
And not with Youth, like other's, glide away : 175

For that fair Virtue which to her is giv'n,  
Forms in his Thoughts the truest Sense of Heav'n.  
With her his Truth his Friendship, and his Love.

Will e'er remain, and not with Time remove ;  
Such Tendernefs and Faith their Thoughts employ, 180  
That ev'ry Moment brings new Scenes of Joy.

No other State they chuse, and think there's none  
So truly happy, as they think their own.  
They gaze on no one with reproachful Eyes,  
The Great nor envy, nor the Mean despise ; 185

But all their Wishes in the blisful State  
Are fix'd, and constant as eternal Fate.



Thus, O ye Fair-Ones! may ye all receive,  
 With Men of Sense, the Joy this State can give!  
 May ye who study Virtue's golden Rules, 199  
 Avoid the Herd of noisy flutt'ring Fools,  
 Who prattle Stories of each harmless Fair.  
 Whom plighted Oaths and broken Vows ensnare.  
 They tell how Fair-Ones for the Fopling griev'd,  
 And boast of Favours which they ne'er receiv'd. 193  
 Their busy Scandal taints the brightest Day,  
 And blasts that Honour - - - which they can't betray:  
 Nor do they think that Sense, with Virtue join'd,  
 Can e'er be found within a Female Mind:  
 But still pursue the Bad, who please and vex 200  
 With all the Arts and Lewdness of the Sex.  
 From Face to Face their fickle Fancies rove,  
 Thro' Error's Way they call the Wilds of Love.  
 The Gifts of Nature they but ill employ,  
 And look on Marriage as the Grave of Joy. 203  
 Yet these are Thoughts ungen'rous and unjust,  
 And thus they think, because they dare not trust:  
 But still let Fools the Marriage-State despise,  
 'Tis Heav'n to them who can be truly wise.

THE



## E R R A T A.

*At the Beginning of the Book in the Invocation of Venus  
 and Phcebus, instead of your, read thy and thine  
 Throughout.*



# *The W I S H :*

*To a Young Lady, on the coming  
in of the*

# NEW - YEAR.



Be thou happy with the truest Joy !  
Which Heav'n can send, or all thy Thoughts  
employ :

May'st thou ne'er breathe a Sigh, or know  
a Care,

But Bliss succeed with each succeeding Year.  
May Joys improve on Joys, as Day on Day,  
And all thy Moments pass with Down away ;

H 3

May

May Health and Plenty ev'ry Hour attend,  
And Life be sweeten'd with a faithful Friend.  
Let Angels guard thy Form, and heav'nly Grace  
Adorn thine Actions, as it glads thy Face;  
Truth shine around, and Virtue wait thy Nod,  
'Tis real Joy to be compleatly good.  
And when relentless Death shall claim his Right,  
And call thy Beauties to the Realms of Night;  
When thy fair Soul shall from Confinement fly,  
Die without knowing what's the Pain to die!  
On the soft Wings of Sleep may'st thou remove,  
And add new Bliss'es to the Bless'd above.





# The CAPTIVE.



WAS in that Season when soft Showr's  
 Descending, wake the rising Flow'rs ;  
 When Nature do's her Joys disclose,  
 And gentle *Zephyr* sweetly blows :  
 When smiling spring makes equal Day,  
 And curling Rills thro' Valleys play :  
 When warbling Birds salute the Grove,  
 And ev'ry Scene's a Heav'n of Love ;  
*Matilda* in a pleasing Shade,  
 Sat singing on a Vi'let Bed ;  
 Where Roses fann'd with ambient Air,  
 Gave fragrant Kisses to the Fair :  
 The Flocks came skipping from the Plains,  
 To hear the soft deluding Strains.  
 The Streams stood still, the Trees did bend,  
 Birds dropt their Pinions to attend.  
 The *Sylvan* Fauns in num'rous Throng,  
 Came crowding to the charming Song :  
 And all the high celestial Gods  
 Sat list'ning in their blest'd Abodes.  
 So dying Swans on flutt'ring Wing,  
 In Sedges of *Meander* sing :

So

So when *Ulysses* steer'd along  
The wat'ry Main, the *Syrens* sung.  
*Alexis* heard the Nymph he found,  
But ravish'd by th' enchanting Sound,  
His Hearing lost the vast Delight  
And gave Succession to his Sight  
Which soon was Captive to a Face,  
Which Beauty's Heaven seem to grace;  
And blooming Blush did more adorn,  
Than sweet Vermillion of the Morn.  
Or thè delightful golden Ray  
Of *Phæbus*, scatt'ring round the Day:  
When shady Twilight never shrouds,  
Or wraps his Face in gloomy Clouds,  
But as the View of Forms so bright,  
By stedfast gazing blinds the Sight;  
So now the Shepherd saw no more,  
But by Idea to adore.  
Next he receiv'd her balmy Breath,  
A Sense which still o'er-triumph'd Death;  
Which pleasant seem'd as *Phœnix*' Nest,  
Or all the Treasures of the *East*:  
More fragrant than the Breath which moves,  
The whisp'ring Leaves in *Ida*'s Groves,  
And richer than the Sweets distill'd,  
Of ev'ry Flow'r in ev'ry Field:  
Three Senses thus the Swain enjoy'd,  
The which Excess of Bliss destroy'd;  
The other two the Fair deny'd,  
The Shepherd humbly bow'd, and dy'd.





T O

*A Young LADY, looking in a*  
**G L A S S.**



F ever Charms did *Laura* move,  
 Or Beauty ever show  
 A worthy Triumph of her Love,  
 It surely must be now.

Yet turn, O turn those radiant Eyes!  
 View not th' extatic Joy;  
 Believe me, Fare-One, Beauty may  
 Its beauteous self destroy.

As once *Narcissus* fondly view'd  
 A Form of lesser Pow'r,  
 In the clear Besom of a Flood,  
 And languish'd to a Flow'r.

If then upon his Form to gaze,  
Did force himself to pine ;  
What must it be to view a Face  
So lovely fair as thine ?

Yet as the Charms you justly boast,  
May well encrease Desire,  
Let not a Wish or Thought be lost,  
But still, O still admire !

And if, as coy *Narcissus* pin'd,  
Your Form a Change receives,  
May I charge too, to some soft Wind,  
And breathe amidst the Leaves.





# A S O N G,

*Occasion'd by seeing a Young LADY  
in a G A R D E N.*



SEE where the fair *Cassandra* lies,  
Upon yon purple vi'let Bed,  
Where blushing *Roses* kiss her Eyes,  
And bowing *Laurels* crown her Head.

What Odours now can ye disclose ?

Ye fading Flow'rs, what beauteous Hue ?

Where is the Fragrance of the Rose ?

And where the Vi'let's purple Blue ?

O Lilly, fairest Flow'r, and best,

Where is thy Virgin. Whiteness now ?

Canst thou encounter with her Breast,

That lovely Breast more white than Snow ?

Her Cheek out-does the Rose's Red,

The Vi'let's Blue, her lively Eye ;

When

84. THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

When she is near, ye all must fade,  
And lowly bow your Heads and die.

For see above the radiant Sun,  
That every Sun which makes ye fair,  
Shrinks in a Cloud to be out-done,  
And blushes at the sight of her.

But ah ! the Time will swiftly glide,  
And all her bright, her heav'nly Pow'r,  
Shall languish like this Summer's Pride,  
And that fair Face shall charm no more.

Go, sweetest Breeze, and whisper this,  
With Caution to *Cassandra's* Ear ;  
Then steal a soft, a balmy Kiss,  
And gently tell her what I bear,

Tell her that Love does court her Prime,  
A Love sincere, by Heav'n ! I vow ;  
Again remind her of her Time,  
And let her kindly bless me now.





O N

## STAPLE's-INN

Being turn'd into a

## C H U R C H.

---

*In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere Formas  
Corpora.*

---

OVID.



E A R *Holbourn-Bars*, that dismal Place,  
Which leads to Shame and foul Disgrace,  
To *Tybourn Tree*, that grim Triangle,  
Where *little Rogues* so often dangle.  
There long has stood an Inn of Court,  
Where Fools to *Great Ones* oft resort,

To plunge into the Rav'nous Maw,  
Of that fell *Monster* call'd the Law.  
Within this Inn of Court, a *Hall*,  
Where noisy *Lawyers* us'd to bawl,  
Dispute, and *Lye*; as some Folks think, \*  
But oft'ner much to Eat and Drink;

---

\* Here the Society us'd to Dine in Commons in Term  
Time, and often dispute concerning Matters of *Law*.

I

Do's



Do's lift it's shatter'd Head so humble,  
 As if 'twou'd ev'ry Moment tumble.  
 Of This, the *Muse* a Change shall tell,  
 APOLLO grant she do it well;  
 Fam'd OVID if you please to look,  
 Has not one such in all his Book:  
 'The once he told us of a Yeoman,  
 If I mistake not nam'd PHILEMON,  
 Whom Saints from Heav'n, to play the Farce on,  
 Did metamorphise to a Parson,  
 And as he lov'd Religion well,  
 Into a Church transform'd his Cell.  
 Strange is that Tale, but something stranger,  
 Is this I Sing, the sudden Change here,  
 Is much the Truer, therefore better,  
 As well in Matter, as in Metre.  
 'This *Hall* at first for *Law* design'd,  
 'To *Gospel* now with Age inclin'd,  
 A Place in which some play'd *the Knave in*,  
 'They now pretend your *Souls to save in*,  
 'Transform'd to Church without a Steeple, \*  
 Hopes by the Prayers of Christian People,  
 In its late Years it may attone,  
 For Ills which here in Youth were done;  
 Thus some Old Rake thro' Age and Poxes,  
 Forc'd to give o'er Amours, and Doxes,  
 Turns Saint t'escape Old Satan's Clutches,  
 And hopes to get to Heav'n on Crutches.  
 But to proceed by just Degrees,  
 The Boards where Clients paid their Fees,  
 On which were shar'd great Sums of Wealth,  
 As *Robbers* share their gains from stealth;

---

\* 'Tis not call'd a Chappel by the Members of the Society, but a Church.

A *Pulpit* grew, its Love of Gain,  
 May it not thus transform'd retain,  
 Nor the Learn'd *Priest* refuse to preach,  
 Unless the Cash be in his Reach ;  
 The Table too, as I'm a Sinner,  
 On which was dish'd up many a Dinner,  
 Converted now to Desk appears,  
 And fills no longer Mouths, but Ears ;  
 For there the *Clerk* to dismal Note,  
 With *Sternbold's* Rhimes extends his Throat,  
 Which all their Teeth on Edge do set,  
 And to their Stomachs gives a Whet ;  
 Howe'er this Song of Godly Sort,  
 Tho' tis not very sweet, is short,  
 The Desk of Roastmeat smells so strong,  
 It makes the *Clerk* for Dinner long,  
 And call a single Slave in haist,  
 That what he Smells he soon may Taste.  
 Within this *Hall*, each corner Hole,  
 Where many a merry mellow Soul,  
 For *private Purposes* withdrew,  
 Is now converted to a *Peru*,  
 In which preserv'd by former Stains,  
 The same Narcotic Pow'r remains ;  
 For as with Meat and Wine oppress'd,  
 Some here have laid compos'd to Rest,  
 So now with Pray'rs and Sermons more,  
 To faster Sleep compos'd they snore.  
 And as with Clock each Church is grac'd,  
 So o'er the Door an Old one plac'd.  
 Which us'd to tell the Time of eating,  
 Now tells the Hour of Solemn meeting,

Summons the *Lawyers* here to Prayers,  
 Confirms the Truth the *Priest* declares,  
 That Time is short, and fix'd our Doom,  
 That Death will like a *Bailiff* come;  
 Arrest even *Bums* in *Retribution*,  
 Bring *Judgment* on, and *Execution*;  
 Attended with the dismal Doom,  
 Of some Infernal Dungeon's Gloom,  
 Where fast lock'd down, chain'd *Hands*, and *Feet*,  
 Much worse than Pri'sners in the *Fleet*,  
 They'll see all hopes of Freedom vain,  
 Themselves us'd worse, if they complain;  
 Find Wardens more, and more uncivil,  
 Than *H--g--ins*, *B--m--ge*, or the Devil.  
 But *Lawyers* careless of your End,  
 Nor without *Int'rest* us'd to lend;  
 Will not vouchsafe to lend a Ear,  
 To all the *Preacher* threats here.

In Words of Sacred Writ w're told,  
 That once among the *Jews* of old,  
 (And since I fear the same has been,  
 'Mong'it *Jewish* Christians often seen,  
 The House of God, a Den was made,  
 Where *Th-ves* like *L-wy-rs* drove a Trade;  
 But now we find a Change more odd,  
 A Den of *Thieves*, turn'd *House of God*.

A PRO-



A

## PROLOGUE

TO THE

MASTER WEAVERS

OF THE

CITY of *Norwich*.

Spoken by a COMEDIAN There.



T learned *Athens* when with Godlike  
(pow'r,

The Stage arose, and Vices rag'd no  
(more ;

When Mortal Goodness bore a pompous  
(fway,

And We poor Kings, who Rule but in a Play,  
Taught real Kings, true Virtue to obey.

Then was the Time Applauses were bestow'd,  
And Tuneful POETS charm'd the list'ning Crowd :

I 3

With

With just esteem, a *Player* was careſs'd,  
 He prais'd the moſt, who ſpoke the *POET* beſt.  
 By *Commic Wit*, and melting *Tragic Scenes*,  
 We ſure may pleaſe then where *Minerva* Reigns.  
 This is her Guardian Place: Th' immortal Maid,  
 O'er Wit preſides, and your Miſterious Trade!  
 Ev'n *God's* themſelves, amidſt the Courts of *Jove*,  
 Glitter in Golden Robes her Fingers Wove;  
 Of Heav'nly Lyres they Tune the trembling Strings,  
 And each bright Verſe ſhe Forms, an *ANGEL* Sings.  
 Ye artful Fav'rites of the Sacred *QUEEN*,  
 Be kindly preſent at each Nightly Scene:  
 Juſtly we'll Aim to Paint each *POET's* Thought,  
 And preach the Sermons good Old *SHAKESPEAR* Wrote.  
*CONGREVE* ſhall ſometimes with his Mirth invite,  
 The firſt inſtruct Ye, and the laſt delight;  
 No *Harlequin* Uſurp where Heros ſtood,  
 Nor for Buffoonery, be deem'd a *GOD*.  
 No *OPERA's* ſhall Charm, but ſuch as *GAY's*,  
 No Scenes of Art, but moral Senſe in *Plays*.  
 'Then glad Us with your Smiles, and may that Age  
 With Triumph riſe, when *STUFFS* ſhall grace the Stage.  
 When Wives from Marriage Bondage ſhall Eſcape,  
 If they muſt mourn - - - Why let them mourn in *Crape*?  
 Let ſtiff *Brocades*, and gaudy *Silks* decline,  
 While *CALLIMANCO's* more deſerv'dly ſhine.  
 No glitt'ring Drefſes for our *Plays* be made,  
 But All be furniſh'd from your Artful Trade,  
 So by the Profit of this grateful Town,  
 We may preſume much to advance our own.

An EPI-





A N  
EPILOGUE  
TO THE  
LADIES.

*Spoken by Mr.—— Comedian at  
NORWICH.*



WHEN from the Clouds a Silver Show'r of  
(Snow,  
O'er Mountains fly, and hide the Plains  
(below,  
The bright'ning Fleeces form a rising ball,  
And Circling gather as they feebly fall.

But when the Flaming Sun's resistless Ray,  
Breaks thro' those Clouds, and yields a Flood of Day,  
The Snow-balls melt, and murm'ring glide away.  
So when a *Beau*, or some relentless Cit,  
Takes all we Act, for Massacre of Wit,  
Frowns heap on frowns, and gather thro' the Pitt.

## 92 THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

Like *Phæbus* then, when some Auspicious Fair,  
 Yields but a Smile, Frowns vanish into Air.  
 Hear me ye BELLES, and grant us your esteem,  
 O Smile at Random, but with Caution blame.  
 When Mournful *Hero's* tell some trembling Care,  
 And all the Passion rages in the *Play'r*,  
 Think tis some Fav'rite whisp'ring in your Ear.  
 Let gentle Sweetness all your Bosoms warm,  
 And love Compassion, as ye love to Charm;  
 O *WAY* shall move ye with his mildest Art,  
 Sure he's as the softest ways to melt a Heart;  
 Who can be Deaf to sad *CASTALIO's* Cries,  
 And who not bleed when poor *MONIMIA* Dies.  
 Come *Ladies* be but kind, and may you live,  
 'Midst all the Joys which Fortune's self can give,  
 May Men be true, and not the least deceive.  
 May dying Sparks direct ye from the Spleen,  
 And none live Single when they're past Fifteen;  
 May Beauty ne'er grow Old, nor ever fade,  
 And grant kind *Heav'n!* no Woman Dies a *Maid*.  
 Nay, now ye frown - - - - well, we have power to move,  
 Tis but a melting *Scene*, a Tale of *Love*:  
 And Tears will fall, so shall our hopes revive,  
 Plants water'd by such *Show'rs* must surely thrive,  
 The Earth may droop when *Sol's* Meridian Beams,  
 Blazes abroad, and parch it with his Flames,  
 But when he milder yields his pleasing pow'r,  
 And gently shines thro' some descending show'r,  
 With plent'ous Joy it's grateful products nod,  
 And speak the Glories of a bounteous God.



A

# Shepherd's ANSWER,

T O A

GENTLEMAN'S *asking him what  
he was.*



'M a *Shepherd* and *Marri'd*, fure none can agree,  
Or are blest with content like my *Nanny* and  
me :

No Man fure enjoys fuch a blessing in life  
As I (*thank the Gods !*) with a beautiful wife ;  
When the bonny red Morning appears in the Skies,  
And the *Sun*, and my *Nanny* have open'd their eyes  
I give her kifs - - - then we shake off all Sleep  
She hie's to her *dairy* and I to my *Sheep* ;  
The *Birds* they awake too, and fing up the Day,  
My *Lambs* are fo merry they nothing but play ;  
The Fields are fo pleafant, fo sweet is the Breeze,  
Streams murmur to foftly, fo green are the Trees,  
My *Dog* waggs his Tail too, as if he wou'd fpeak  
The Joy which he bears for his *Miftreffes* fake ;

Thus

Thus I make my Diverſion, the Buſ'neſs I do,  
And dare to engage, ſo my Nanny does too :  
At length by the Sun when it comes to be noon,  
A diſh of good *broth*, with a plain wooden Spoon,  
Is brought by my *Dear*, or whatever it be  
We eat it together, ſet under a *Tree* ;  
Now a *kiss* and we part, but not to remain  
For when the *Sun's* ſet, I ſhall ſee her again ;  
'Tis then I ſecure my Sheep and go home,  
And to meet me half way my Nanny does come,  
As we walk with each other, we prattle of love  
And pray, and give thanks to the great God above ;  
With *riches* and *times* we ne'er trouble our Head,  
But with *Milk* or with *Cheeſe* we Sup, and to bed ;  
There I am as happy as any great Man,  
And pleaſe her as much as an Emperor can :  
One Child I have got and that is a Son,  
We Care for no more, nor wou'd we have none ;  
He's like my dear *Dame*, and I'll learn him to keep  
My *Cottage* in order, and tend a few Sheep,  
Whatever is ours he'll have when we dye,  
God grant he be bleſt, and contented as I.





*Edward and Susan ;*  
A  
BALLAD.

**T**H E Night was in her Sable shroud,  
No silver Stars were seen,  
Wrapt in a cold and wintry Cloud,  
'Midst Bleaky Showr's of rain.

Unfaithful *Edward's* treach'rous Step,  
To *Susan's* dwelling came ;  
Long he pretended to have Su'd,  
And lov'd the gentle Dame.

His ent'rance at this fatal Hour,  
The Innocent allow'd,  
Ungrateful *Edward* silent smil'd,  
Then kiss'd her Lips and bow'd.

With am'rous Toy he first began,  
Her Snowy bosom press'd,

Vow'd



Vow'd that he lov'd her more than Life,  
And beg'd he might be blest.

But she in honour's strictest rule,  
Had train'd her gentle Mind;  
Is this your Love to me she said?  
Ungrateful and unkind.

In dreadful rage of hated Lust,  
Her purple Blood to spill,  
He drew his Sword and swore she dy'd  
If she refus'd his will.

With trembling fear she figh'd and thought,  
Each moment to be Slain;  
Help? help? Oh! help? for Heavens sake,  
She cry'd, but cry'd in vain.

Whole floods of Tears like silver dew,  
From off the Lilly's head,  
Fell down her white and pearly Neck,  
Unhappy! lovely Maid.

The thoughts of loosing all her Charms,  
That they must turn to Clay;  
To think of dying when so Young.  
Induc'd her to obey.

Her bleeding Heart did oft misgive,  
She pray'd, she wept and figh'd;  
But when her precious Jewel lost,  
Much better had she dy'd.

The faithless Wretch now flies her Charms,  
Those very charms he Swore,

To Nourish with his utmost Care,  
He now regards no more.

Her bed she waters with her Tears,  
And beats her panting Breast,  
Her hand supports her drooping Head,  
But she can find no rest.

At length the ruddy Morning rose,  
She blush'd, to see the Day;  
And curs'd the Night, that fatal Night,  
In which she did Obey.

The guilt, which guilt was not her own,  
So black was in her Eye;  
That tho' at Death she started first,  
She now resolv'd to Dye.

A pois'nous 'Drug, Oh! mournful Tale,  
Within a silver Bowl  
She mix'd ---- then sip'd the deadly Juice,  
And breath'd away her Soul.

The scarlet of her Lips grows pale,  
Her Eyes no lustre boast;  
Soft Musick dies upon her Tongue,  
And all her Charms are lost.

Now *Edward* think what thou hast done,  
Repent e'er 'tis too late;  
Or at the dreadful Day of Doom,  
Expect thy wretched Fate.



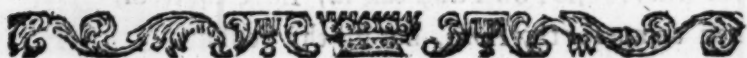
# To SYLVIA.



O Thee whose dear *Idea* charms my Sight,  
 My *Thoughts* by Day, my pleasing *Dreams*  
 (by Night,  
 To Thee I send; whose *Bosom* sure will  
 (move,  
 With soft Compassion, for the truest *Love*;  
 The sacred Virtue which around you *Shine*,  
 Must Teach you to reward a Heart like mine:  
 Oh! say thou Fountain of my *Hope* and *Fear*,  
 Wilt thou receive a *Lover* to thy Care?  
 Forget the *Grandeur* which thou well might'st claim,  
 Think *Wealth* and *Title*, but an empty Name,  
 And kindly listen to my plaintiff *Theme*.  
 But ah! what soft *Descriptions* can I find?  
 What Words so tender to express my *Mind*?  
 In Thee alone my utmost *Wishes* tend,  
 And long to claim Thee as my dearest Friend;  
 Not all the *Riches* of the *Indian* Shore,  
 So much I *Love*, cou'd make me *Love* Thee more,  
 Long have thy Charms been *social* to my Thought,  
 Nor cou'd my strict inquiry find a Fault,

So bright thy Virtue shines within mine Eye,  
 That my Excess of Love can *never* die;  
 No common *Motive* does my Thoughts employ,  
 A gust of *Passion*, and a Moment's *Joy*.  
 But real Friendship which can ne'er decay,  
 Whil'st Reason guides my ever growing Day,  
 Thy graceful Conduct, and thy Sense refin'd,  
 So steals upon my Breast, and moves my Mind,  
 That Ages of Discourse when spent with you,  
 Is still engaging, and for ever new;  
 With pleasing Transport ev'ry Word you say,  
 Finds to my Heart, a soft, and easy Way;  
 I gaze upon Thee with no *sensual* End,  
 And lose the *Woman* in my wish'd for *Friend*.  
 'Then where's the Pow'r that can my Love controul,  
 When 'tis not for thy *Form*, but for thy Soul;  
 With Thee I Wish not to be *Rich*, or *Great*,  
 And only share a plentiful Estate,  
 But Wish for that which makes a happy Life,  
 A dear *Companion*, and a faithful *Wife*.  
 Those Tyes of Nature, and those Joys of Love.  
 The best Tranquility to Minds will prove,  
 For what are *Riches* when true Bliss is flown,  
 When Love the Cordial of our Life is gone;  
 Then grant me *Heav'n*, and You its Image here?  
 This *Center* of my Joys, this chiefest *Pray'r*?  
 Make me, but what alone I Wish to be,  
 And let me find true *Happiness* in Thee?  
 Take me a joyful Partner to thy self,  
 Scorn to be courted by ungen'rous Pelf,

But let me lead you to the Path of Joy,  
 Where Youth shall never *fade*; nor *Beauty* cloy;  
 Where Life, like peaceful Riv'lets gently glides,  
 And where calm Reason, and Reflection guides;  
 Where sweet Society shall drive Debate,  
 And Jars Domestic, from our kindred State;  
 Where dear Sincerity shall always flow,  
 Disarming Pain, and soft'ning ev'ry Woe;  
 Where Hand in Hand we'll tread this *Mortal Stage*,  
 And with true Friendship, lead on cheerful Age.  
 Nor shall you Wish, or Sigh for ought in vain,  
 Or ever of my broken *Faith* complain;  
 But all the Moments of my Life shall prove,  
 'To thee *Obedient*, and most true to Love.



## *An* EPIGRAM.

*JACK A---l---n* says he hates a *Poet*,  
 Pray what's the Reason? Does he know it?  
 Yes Faith, 'tis nat'ral for a Fool,  
 To hate the Wits; convert the Rule,  
 The Wits hate him; both Reasons stated,  
 The Fellow hates, because he's Hated.

T O





T O A

# Young L A D Y

MOURNING for the Death of her  
L O V E R.



EASE, cease your Mourning *lovely*  
(Maid?

Nor shade those bright enliv'ning  
(Eyes,

Oh! Spare your Tears for him who's  
(Dead?

And kindly pity *Him* who *dies*.

Your DAMON I indeed believe,  
Had every Virtue Man cou'd boast,  
Yet 'tis too much for You to grieve,  
If even all the Sex were lost.

That KINGS must leave their Crowns, and *die*,  
The Mighty Pow'rs of *Heav'n* Ordain,  
It must be Just, that's done on High,  
And we on Earth shou'd not complain.

K 3

Then

Then let those Eyes which glad *Mankind*,  
Give pleasure to a dying Slave?  
Sure *CELIA* boasts a noble Mind!  
And will not kill whom she can save?

Tell Me what have your Mind decreed,  
And do not thus requite my Pain?  
Because You mourn for *DAMON* Dead,  
You make Me mourn like You in vain.

If what I feel can never speak  
The Love, and all the Truth I owe,  
What greater Torments for your sake,  
Shou'd wretched *Strepson* undergo.

Others a prettier form may boast,  
A handsome Face, or such like pow'r,  
But Oh! I find it to my cost,  
That never *Swain* can love you more.

Will You not then forget the Dead?  
Thrice happy *DAMON*, did you know,  
A Truth (as our Divines have said,)  
Those Things on Earth the Living do.

But other Joys employ your Care,  
We know not what is *Heav'n* above,  
Yet You my *Celia* know that here,  
We think our *Heav'n* is only Love.

They say 'tis *fancy* makes our bliss,  
Think *Celia*, think, that I am he,  
Whose Death you mourn, to such excess,  
As him you lov'd, Love only me.

Think me to be what DAMON was,  
When Smiles were seated on his Brow,  
But not that cold and Clay-like Mass,  
Which pale Ey'd *Death* has made him now.

For wou'd not all your kind esteem,  
Fly from you at the *gashly* Sight,  
Of such a dreadful Thing as him,  
Wrapt in *Eternal* sable Night.

Consider well thou *lovely Maid*,  
Now Youthful Time is in your pow'r,  
For You, yourself must once be *Dead*,  
And all your *Beauties* shine no more.

Those Eyes shall lose their Blaze of Day,  
The Roses in your Cheeks be pale,  
No Musick on your Tongue shall stay,  
Nor from your Lips shall sweets exhale.

But all the *Glories* you can boast,  
The *Tyrant Death* shall quite destroy,  
And even those who *Loves* you most,  
Will hate you as their *bane* to Joy.

Come, come, my *Celia* cease to mourn,  
Dry up those Tears, and spread your Charms,  
As DAMON never can return,  
Take faithful *Strephon* to your Arms.

Reflect my Dearest if you grieve,  
For one who dy'd, as Fortune will'd,  
Much more of Reason will you have,  
For one whom your unkindness *Kill'd*.



A  
*True T A L E*  
 O F A  
*Country 'SQUIRE.*



Man of wisdom may disguise  
 His knowledge, and not seem too wise :  
 But, take it for a constant rule,  
 There's no concealing of a Fool.  
 Of this the instances are plenty ;  
 But one may serve as well as twenty.

A worthy Knight, with good estate,  
 Prov'd to be so unfortunate,  
 That, with great cost and fruitless care,  
 He rear'd a Blockhead to his heir.  
 But, hoping it wou'd mend the breed,  
 Shou'd he some prudent Damsel wed,  
 He sent him out to court a Lady,  
 Whose Father he'd engag'd already.

But,

But, first, he charg'd him, on his blessing,  
To keep in mind this easy lesson.

HUMPHRY, says he, what e'er you do,  
Take heed your words be very few:

For you'll be counted wise, so long  
As you have wit to hold your tongue.

Then never feed too greedily

On custard, pudding, or sweet pye;

Lest your ungovern'd appetite

Bring shame and sorrow in the night.

But JOHN shall go, and he'll advise ye,

And, let me tell you, JOHN's no nisey.

---- Here, JOHN, d'you mind, give NUMPS a touch,

Whene'er he talks, or eats too much.

Be sure take heed he don't neglect,

To pay the Gentry great respect;

And all out services express

In handsome terms with good address.

Instructed thus, they both took horse,

And tow'rd's the Lady bent their course.

Whil'st JOHN perform'd the teacher's part,

NUMPS got his compliments by heart;

Which he deliver'd in such guise,

They thought him tolerably wise:

He held his tongue, this seem'd to be

A token of his modesty.

All pass'd on well 'till supper came :

Oh hateful meal ! oh hateful name !

Vile author of poor HUMPHRY's shame !

From ev'ry dish most nicely dress'd

Th' old Lady still supply'd her guest.



All with astonishment beheld  
 His plate oft empty, often fill'd.  
 He eat; JOHN pull'd, and pull'd again.  
 The pulls, O JOHN, were all in vain:  
 For when he'd cramm'd up to the throat,  
 In came an apple-pye to boot.  
 When Madam saw how fond an eye  
 He cast upon the smoaking pye,  
 She fill'd his plate six inches high.  
 JOHN gave his elbow many a twitch.  
 'Thought he, our JOHN may kiss my b---h.  
 'Tis apple-pye, I'll eat my fill,  
 Let consequence be what it will.  
 Fatal resolve! I dread to tell  
 The consequences which befell.  
 Let sordid nightmen tell the rest,  
 Who relish the unsav'ry Jest,  
 My dainty Muse wou'd fain have done:  
 But truth commands, she must go on.  
 'Tis for repentance now too late:  
 The fish has gorg'd the slippery bait.

In the best bed the 'Squire must lye,  
 And JOHN in truckle bed Just by;  
 Who slept till dismal voice and groan  
 At midnight cry'd, O help! dear JOHN,  
 Or else for ever I'm undone:  
 For Heaven's sake find some excuse,  
 The dev'l'sh apple-pye's broke loose  
 And as I lay upon't, and roll'd it;  
 The bed's scarce big enough to hold it.  
 JOHN wak'd, and thus began to pray,  
 The Devil take all fools, I say;

Why, choak ye, eat it up again,  
And lick the sheets and bolster clean.  
--- What can be done? here take my shirt,  
And I'll come wallow in the dirt.  
Do you get up as soon as light,  
I'll lye, and try to set all right.

So said, so done; up got the 'Squire,  
And JOHN lay tumbling in the mire.  
He lay 'till two brisk Lassies come  
To make the bed, and clean the room.  
Soon in the damask bed friend JOHN  
Was 'spy'd half bury'd in the down.  
What's here? quo' NELL, as I'm alive,  
The Master rose soon after five.  
Here is this Man, a lazy loon,  
Intends to lie a-bed till noon.  
Quoth JOHN, I've had a tedious night,  
That truckle bed has lam'd me quite.  
I turn'd in here to take some rest,  
This is a comfortable nest:  
One nap, dear Girls, is all I beg.  
--- A nap! SUE, give him some cold pig.  
Come, come, says JOHN, don't play the fool;  
I'm laxative, you'll make me pull,  
And straining hard will force a stool.  
They pull'd, JOHN squeez'd, and gave a grunt;  
Then leap'd --- Good faith I've don't:  
E'en thank your selves. --- Away ran NELL,  
And SUE, half poison'd with the smell.

This story slipt not, you may swear,  
But quickly reach'd the Master's ear.

His

His Lordship, tickled with the whim,  
 Cou'd not forbear at dinner time,  
 To banter JOHN; nor did he fail  
 T'enlarge upon the curious tale.  
 But seeing JOHN with shame cast down,  
 He frankly tipt him half a crown.  
 JOHN bow'd --- Young Master sitting by,  
 Seeing the prize with envious eye,  
 Into JOHN's fob directly go,  
 Cry'd out aloud, Why, JOHN, you know  
 The half crown is by right my due:  
 'Twas I be --- t the bed, not you,

Oh blunder! never to be mended;  
 This one wise speech the courtship ended.  
 Home trotted JOHN in doleful dumps;  
 And far behind sneak'd hopeful NUMPS.  
 And Madam, thus diverted by her 'Squire,  
 Found out a cleaner lover to lie by her.

BAVIUS.



THE



THE  
RAPE OF *HELEN*.



E Trojan Nymphs and Goddesses, who bring  
Your high descent from Xanthus' holy spring;  
(Who from your native sands oft wing away,  
Join the brisk dance, and wake the Jocund  
play ;

On Ida's swelling hills your sports pursue,  
Then wanton wave your curling locks in view ; )  
Now from your sounding streams a while retire,  
Aid my new verse, and this my song inspire ;  
Say, what the Judgment which once Paris told ;  
The sentence of the shepherd Judge unfold ;  
What did his mind from silent hills constrain,  
Unknowing of the sea, to plow the main ;  
What sad occasion did those ships demand,  
Source of deep woes to vex both sea and land ;  
What did that strife 'twixt goddesses create  
That Paris should decide the fell debate ;  
What was the fatal sentence ; whence he came  
To hear of wanton Helen's cursed name ?

L

These

These you can tell me, for yourselves have seen  
(When you in comfort tript Phalacra's green)  
(Paris fair youth in his retreats alone,  
And Venus glad'ning queen of graces shone.

When Peleus' Hymenean rites were known,  
And in Aemonia's lofty hills were shown,  
There Ganymede by Jove's command divine  
Dealt to the guests around the sacred wine;  
At the great pomp were all th' immortal race,  
To welcome Thetis, and her nuptials grace:  
Jove to be present from his heaven came,  
And from his ocean Neptune did the same;  
From Helicon Apollo led the train  
Of Muses, warbling a melodious strain;  
The next in order haughty Juno came,  
Jove's wife and sister, a relentless dame:  
Venus, Harmonia's mother, beauteous queen  
At Centaur Chiron's house was likewise seen:  
Suada too follow'd, who with artful aim  
Wove a fair garland for the bridal dame;  
With soothing words and soft persuasion fraught,  
She with her Cupid's fatal quiver brought:  
Pallas her armour and her warlike air  
Did lay aside, and to the pomp repair;  
She tho' unskill'd in wedding Joys did go, --  
And at the nuptials did her presence show:  
Diana, Phoebus' sister, too was there,  
Tho' woods and hunting chaces more her care:  
As Mars in Vulcan's house did once appear,  
Without his helmet or his hostile spear,  
So now in mirth he led the dance around,  
No steel or corslet did his breast surround:  
But foul Contention cou'd no entrance find,  
Her visit odious, and her looks unkind;



The fiend, unasked, Chiron thrust away,  
And Peleus, bridegroom, would not let her stay.  
Bacchus alone, diviner god, was there,  
On either shoulder wav'd his golden hair;  
The locks in graceful ringlets hung in view,  
And sportive in the wanton Zephyrs flew:  
But, like an heifer, when her back sustains  
Of biting gadbees the deep piercing pains,  
From the green pasture all in haste she bears,  
And thro' forsaken paths and windings tears:  
So fierce contention, with the strokes she gave  
Her tortur'd bosom, did now furious rave;  
Madly she wanders, doth her arts employ,  
How she may soon the godlike feast annoy;  
Oft from her rocky cavern with a bound  
She sallies out, and stands upon the ground;  
Then down again her raging body throws  
Wildly, and in a sitting posture shows;  
Now in her mind her fury doth inspire  
Tempestuous pillars of consuming fire;  
From the deep womb of earth her frenzy calls  
The Titans, to destroy heav'n's lofty walls;  
Heav'n the seat of Jove with fire to raze,  
And end his starry empire in a blaze.  
But Vulcan, now more mighty, did assuage  
Her boiling choler, and compress her rage;  
Tho' wrath, now tim'rous she confess his sway,  
Whom hostile steel and hissing fires obey.  
Thus sore repuls'd: another art she tries,  
And in her thoughts the din of shield supplies;  
Fancy'ng the guests, surpriz'd to hear the sound,  
Wou'd break their gambols, and their mirth confound:  
Again o'er-aw'd, the mighty Mars she fears,  
Mars the great god of war, and hostile spears.

But

But farther yet she racks her lab'ring breast,  
 Forms fresh devices, hits on this at last,  
 Hesperian gardens to her thoughts now rise,  
 And the fair golden apples tempt her eyes;  
 Thither in haste the raging goddess wings,  
 Plucks from the tree, and back an apple brings;  
 'Tis the sad cause of after-wars she made,  
 And the foundation of fierce contests laid:  
 Tossing the fruit from hand to hand she goes,  
 And with a sling among the guests it throws:  
 Sudden among the goddesses appears  
 A strong dispute, which sets 'em by the ears:  
 Immortal Juno with a keen surprize  
 Of sudden joy the glitt'ring toy espies;  
 Big as Jove's wife, and lofty with the name,  
 Doth foremost now the golden apple claim:  
 But Venus, as if all must yield the day  
 Unto her eyes, and livelier charms obey,  
 With eager aim did for the present move,  
 Said it was her's, and did belong to love.

Thus fierce contending for the prize of gold,  
 Jove did the wrangling goddesses behold;  
 Straitway his silence to his son he broke,  
 Hermes divine, and in this manner spoke,

If thou, nigh where Idæan Xanthus winds  
 His rolling waves, my son, one Paris finds,  
 Paris old Priam's princely off-spring nam'd,  
 For blooming youth and manly beauty fam'd,  
 On Troja's hills the herds his only care  
 Feeding, give unto him this apple fair;  
 Bid him the beauteous goddesses survey,  
 And which most charming let his judgment say;

She whom his judgment shall the handsom'st name,  
To that bright goddess let him give the same :  
Thus Jove Saturnian his instructions laid,  
Quick as enjoin'd his winged son obey'd.

The rival charmers Hermes now conveys  
Along their journey, and his duty pays.  
Each then her charms with partial language prais'd,  
And as the comely'st on her body gaz'd,  
Proud with her beauty, with her mien elate,  
Ey'd at her neighbour goddesses with hate.  
But, op'ning now her veil, fly Venus fair  
Shew'd the rich bodkin of her fragrant hair ?  
There full to fight the charmer did unfold  
Her locks ambrosial all immixt with gold ;  
Then looking at her sons, the Loves, she made  
To them the foll'wing speech, and smiling said,

Beloved sons, the big dispute is nigh,  
When I your mother must the contest try ;  
All your assistance, help and aid bestow,  
And (as you're able) all your duty show :  
This day, this day perhaps is full of fate,  
For all my charms come under strict debate ;  
I greatly fear to whose prevailing Eyes  
The shepherd Paris will bestow the Prize :  
The blooming Graces, free report does say,  
Bear Juno's train, and her commands obey ;  
Adds, that her hand the gift of empires shows,  
Gives crowns away, and potent realms bestows :  
Tis said Minerva over wars presides,  
The battle aideth, and the mighty guides :  
But I your mother still alone am nam'd  
The puny goddess, for no action fam'd ;

No kingly pow'r my lavish hands dispose,  
Unskill'd in war my arm no jav'lin throws ;  
Nor do I (Venus) unacquainted know  
To dart the spear, or twang the martial bow :  
But why desponding do I thus appear,  
And vex my bosom with a groundless fear ?  
If warring darts and spears my pow'r disown,  
A smiling band of Loves my empire own :  
The marriage girdle is my proper care,  
And with the shafts of love I smite the fair :  
Struck with my arrows womankind sustain  
Of my keen fury inexpressive pain :  
Tho' deep and piercing are the wounds I give,  
Yet my afflicted lovers always live.

Thus charming Venus, rosy-finger'd queen,  
Was to the Loves, her sons, discouraging seen ;  
The smiling youngsters strong attention made,  
As they walk'd on, to what their mother said :  
They made her bosom now embolden'd rise,  
And gave her hopes that fir'd her sparkling eyes.

Now Ida's lofty top fair Hermes gains,  
Where Paris his white fleecy charge maintains,  
Nigh where Anaurus' solemn waters ride  
Between the vales, and do the hills divide ;  
Apart in herds his jolly oxen low,  
Apart appear his sheep more white than snow ;  
Each from the other cropt the grassy plain,  
And each he number'd in a sep'rate train ;  
A mountain goat's skin, crosses his shoulders flung,  
Down to his thighs behind depending hung ;  
He this alone upon his body wore,  
And in his hand a shepherd's crook he bore :

Thus clad, adorn'd, upon a pipe he play'd,  
 And to soft motions rural musick made;  
 Artless the manner of his song appear'd,  
 He tun'd it soft, 'twas magick to be heard:  
 Each list'ning goddess with fixt wonder gaz'd  
 On the fair Paris, and his musick prais'd:  
 Oft in some shady place, secluded seat  
 Apart from noise, he'd chuse a cool retreat;  
 There from his herds and flocks supinely laid,  
 His tuneful pipe his sole companion made;  
 With Pan and Hermes he'd begin his lay;  
 (Which good old custom shepherds still obey)  
 Then no harsh sound the silent hills did know,  
 Dogs ceas'd to bark, and oxen ceas'd to low;  
 Echo alone reply'd in mimick sounds,  
 And back from hill to hill the note rebounds:  
 All Ida's grove with warbling airs replies,  
 And in a thousand vales the musick flies:  
 The herds full fed the fertile grass refrain,  
 And scatter'd lay reclin'd upon the plain.

But soon as Paris Hermes had espy'd  
 Afar, with fear the coming god he ey'd;  
 Sudden he started from his secret shade,  
 And from th'immortal strangers skulk'd, afraid;  
 Half sung, half tuned ceas'd his warbling lay,  
 Startled he threw his sounding pipe away;  
 To whom astonisht god Mercurius broke  
 The silence first, and in this manner spoke.

Banish thy fear, now leave the flocks, thy care,  
 And with me for a while aside repair;  
 These, Paris, these three goddesses survey,  
 And which most charming let thy judgment say;

In



In whom display'd appear the finest eyes,  
And full, conspicuous, fairest features rise;  
Give this fair apple to that fairest dame,  
And as her charms reward bestow the same.

So said: The shepherd with attention graz'd,  
And on each form his ravish'd eyes he plac'd;  
Smiling, he canvas'd ev'ry feature o'er,  
And as he view'd their charms he look'd the more;  
Now he beheld the streaming fires which glow'd  
Within their eyes, and so his praise bestow'd;  
Now each fair neck enhanc'd his wond'ring sight;  
(Necks than descending fleecy snow's more white)  
Now each attire his strong attention drew,  
Now each fair leg and foot surpriz'd his view.

Thus gazing: Pallas, before judgment said,  
Claspt fast his hand, and this kind speech she made,  
Come here thou son of Priam, let not fear  
Possess thy soul, embolden'd now appear;  
Let not the Wife of Jove be fairest seen,  
Nor Venus, tho' of Beauty pleasing queen;  
Minerva's fairest charms do thou commend,  
On whom puissant courage doth attend:  
'Tis said that thou the fate of empire holds,  
And the sad chance of thy own Troy infolds:  
Come then, that by my pow'r thou may'st be nam'd  
The Joy of men, and their preserver fam'd;  
That thee their strength mankind distress may know,  
Thee as their bulwark and redeemer owe;  
Lest fierce Bellona shall hereafter move  
'Gainst thee her shafts, and thy annoyance prove:  
Come then, my Paris, now my words obey,  
To wars and valour I will lead the way.

Thus

Thus wife Minerva to the shepherd said ;  
And in her turn this answer Juno made ;

If to my fairer eyes thou wilt bestow  
The prize, all Asia shall thy scepter know ;  
My right therein thy self shall sole command,  
And thee, it's lord, shall own thy higher hand :  
Set not the toils of war before thine eyes,  
But as meer trifles, empty sounds despise :  
What good or profit, tell me, do they bring  
To him, my Paris, who is stil'd a king !  
The cowardly and brave both own the sway  
Of the great king, and both his pow'r obey :  
Nor do Minerva's followers always raise  
Themselves to grandeur, or to princely praise ;  
Death with his tragick scythe doth oft appear,  
And strikes' em headlong in their hot career.  
Thus Juno to the shepherd Paris spake,  
Empire bid him prefer, and kingdoms take.

Now rosy Venus with a careless air.  
Let fly her gown, and shew'd her bosom bare ;  
Full to the view her snowy breasts did rise  
Plump, soft and round, which fir'd the shepherd's eyes ;  
Then with her sons, the train of loves she play'd,  
And to the captive Paris smiling said ;

Let not the clash of arms possess thy mind,  
Fair youth, but to my beauty prove more kind ;  
Leave Asia's empire, and despise renown,  
And me, the queen of love, now fairest own :  
The toils of hardy war I never knew,  
So why should Venus hardy war pursue ?

The

The comely features of a handsome face  
Better than armour do a woman grace :  
Instead of strength to thee I will bestow  
A Bride, and thou the fairest wife shalt know :  
Instead of empire Helen shall ascend  
Thy lofty bed, and thee her lord attend :  
Fair Sparta thee a bridegroom shall behold,  
When Troy thy city shall no more be told.

Scarce from her soothing tongue her words had flow'd,  
But to the beauteous goddess he bestow'd,  
As a reward to her superior eyes,  
The golden apple, a refulgent prize ;  
A fatal prize, the sad destructive cause  
Of after-wars, and all the Trojan woes.  
But Venus lofty with the present made,  
Thus jeering to the goddesses she said ;

Ye, who pursue and love the martial field,  
To my more radiant eyes and beauty yield :  
Beauty and graceful charms support my reign,  
And love obsequious bears by awful train.  
Thou Mars's mother, if report speaks true,  
At thy fair Graces' birth great sorrows knew ;  
But on this nice occasion none were seen  
To help thee, Juno, their neglected queen ;  
All, all forsook thee in this fatal day,  
Disown'd thy pow'r, and disobey'd thy sway ;  
Thou who to fiery Vulcan being gave,  
And brags o'er shields the might pow'r to have,  
Not Mars thy bloody off-spring durst appear :  
To thy assistance, tho' he flings the spear :  
No, nor did Vulcan's flames their aid inspire,  
Tho' he's ycleapt the god of hissing fire,

How big and great do'st thou, Minerva, rise,  
And swell the fav'rite fancy in thy eyes !  
Thou who connubial joys did ne'er pursue,  
Unborn produc'd, who ne'er a mother knew ;  
The probing steel thy father did sustain,  
And drew thee helpless from his teeming brain ;  
How grim and dreadful doth thy form now blaze  
In shining arms, and rugged looks thy face !  
To thee the sweets of love are quite unknown,  
And peace and concord don't thy empire own ;  
Better thy hands the warlike spear employ,  
Nurs'd to the fight, and knowing to destroy.

Thus Venus in this railing speech explain'd  
Herself to Pallas, and the prize obtain'd ;  
To her and Juno she deny'd a share,  
And sole possess'd the fatal apple fair.

But with fierce love now raging Paris burns,  
And on the dame unknown his heart he turns ;  
Tumult'ous thoughts within his bosom rise,  
And shew confus'd fair Helen to his eyes :  
Strait to a wood, for lofty timber nam'd,  
Workmen he carries for sound building fam'd ;  
There the tall oaks with a promisc'ous sound,  
Cut, fall in heaps, and shake the lab'ring ground :  
Phereclus, source of woes, this counsel taught,  
And in the shepherd's breast the poison wrought ;  
Destructive ships (a fatal work !) he made,  
And thus the ground of future troubles laid.

Now Ida's shady trees and verdant grove  
No more enhance the fickle shepherd's love :

The

The sea, the waves, and ev'ry rising wind  
Possess his fleeting soul, and fill his mind :  
To the white sandy shore he wings away,  
And with devotion doth due off'rings pay ;  
In kind libations for a while employs  
His time to Venus, queen of pleasing joys :  
Then strait embarking, bids a faint adieu  
To Troja's land, and doth his voy'ge pursue :  
Big with strong hopes, the waves he doth divide,  
And cleaves exulting Helle's rolling tide ;  
But while he faileth wond'rous signs appear,  
Omens of ill, and fills his soul with fear ;  
Sudden the surges in vast mountains rise,  
Swell in the clouds, and seem to dash the skies ;  
A circle darken'd all that sky serene  
Where men report the greater Bear is seen ;  
Gloomy and black the prodigy appears,  
And fills each sailor's heart with boding fears,  
For now athwart the air the sign extends,  
And soon the big tempest'ous rain descends :  
The waves below with sounding tempest roar,  
As the stout oars ply farther from the shore :  
Now by Troy's foil and Dardan's land he sails,  
Now nigh Ismarian streams his ship prevails,  
Next Thracia's hills in distant prospect rise,  
And high Pangæus' cliffs salute his eyes ;  
Next nigh where Phyllis fair entomb'd lay,  
Phyllis who dy'd for love, he plows his way ;  
Now he surveys the melancholly ground  
Where nine meand'ring circling paths are found,  
Where weeping Phyllis walking mourn'd the fate  
Of her lov'd lord, and her own abject state ;  
Demophoon, absent youth, did oft impart  
Grief to her soul and sorrow to her heart ;

FROM



From Athens oft for his return she pray'd,  
And greatly mourn'd because he long delay'd,  
But now Thessalia's spacious realm is seen,  
Its golden meadows and its pastures green ;  
Achaia's lofty tow'rs next rising shew,  
And distant spires a pleasing view bestow ;  
Next Phthia swells, for valiant soldiers fam'd ;  
Mycene next, the beauteous city nam'd ;  
Now Erymanthus Paris doth espy,  
And its green pastures court his roving eye ;  
Next Atreus' lofty city, Sparta fair,  
In order shews. where comly maid repair ;  
Fam'd for Eurota's streams, whose waters ride  
Close by its walls, and gently sweep their tide ;  
Above thick woods adorn'd with shady green  
Shed o'er the city their enchanting scene ;  
Where sweet Therapne's pleasant seats arise  
From the thick grove, and charm the fixed eyes.  
Now nigh perform'd his journey doth appear,  
And the wish'd haven to his sight draws near ;  
The lusty oars with joyful vigour sweep  
The last remains of the extended deep ;  
With mutual strokes the sailors ply to shore,  
Their cables fasten, and the vessel moor :  
But first fair Paris in the waves serene  
Plunges himself, and wipes his body clean ;  
Then landing, to the place his vows doth pay,  
Goes on, and softly treads his wary way,  
Lest sportive dust or flying sands should stain  
His legs with spots, and make his labour vain ;  
Lest the brown locks which did adorn his crown,  
And which in ringlets wav'd depending down,  
Shou'd with much motion or too quick a pace  
Catch the keen breeze, and so disturb their place :

M

Thes

Thus as he walketh with a fixt surprize  
 The stately houses of the Greeks he eyes;  
 Wond'ring, the lofty temples he surveys,  
 Admires the city, and its spacious ways;  
 Here fierce Minerva's statue cast in gold  
 Paris fair youth (astonish'd) doth behold;  
 'There Hyacinthus' image he espies,  
 Drooping, lamenting, with dejected eyes;  
 When for great Jove the fair Latona burn'd  
 Amycla's people for the stripling mourn'd,  
 They mourn'd and wept, and greatly swell'd their woes  
 Least they for ever then the boy should lose;  
 For, for the lad the god Apollo bore  
 An eager flame, and did his charms adore;  
 Little he thought that his most watchful care  
 Would be made vain, or Zephyr court the fair;  
 Fierce, raging love the rival did inspire,  
 And for the boy he burn'd with equal fire:  
 But now the ground in pity proveth kind,  
 And yeilds some comfort to Apollo's mind;  
 A fragrant flower from the earth arose  
 which did the fir-name of the lad disclose.

Now Atreus' stately palace nigh appear'd,  
 Rais'd with high tow'rs, on circling columns rear'd;  
 Glad in himself the godlike Paris gaz'd  
 On the fair fabrick, and the scene he prai'd;  
 To Jove by fair Thyone ne'er was born  
 A son whom greater beauties did adorn;  
 Bacchus, altho' from Jove he brought his race,  
 Bloom'd not so fair, or shew'd so sweet a face;  
 Paris had all the Graces might inspire,  
 The softest love and most bewitching fire.

While

While he stood gazing Helen beauteous dame,  
Wrapt in deep thought, from her rich chamber came;  
Descends the stairs, and does the doors unfold,  
Then sideways leering does the youth behold;  
She look'd, she gaz'd, and as she did adore  
The comly man, she wish'd to view the more;  
Now dubious, now resolv'd, then soon afraid,  
Now caught, the stranger she within convey'd;  
On a new couch, on feet of silver rais'd,  
Hot with keen love the unknown guest she plac'd;  
Still she beholds, and still his charms surprize,  
She surfeits with the glutt'ny of her eyes:  
Sometimes she fancies that her eyes behold  
The son of Venus clad in pow'rful gold,  
But soon again a deep distrust bears sway,  
And sweeps the former sentiment away;  
No real Cupid now salutes her eyes,  
She sees no quiver, nor no shafts espies;  
Sometimes she fancies in her looks serene  
A princely aspect and a royal mien,  
Thinks for his talness and bewitching air  
He may be term'd the lovely'st human fair:  
Thus musing and amaz'd, at last she broke  
The silence first, and unto Paris spoke.

Say, stranger, say, but be thy words sincere,  
From whence thou camest, and what brought thee here;  
Now unto me thy lovely race unfold,  
And let thy country be in order told:  
Thy comly form bespeaks some kingly line,  
And in thy face high princely looks do shine,  
But in this Grecian land thou wast not born,  
Nor doth thy race the valiant Greeks adorn:

M 2

Pylos,

Pylos, where Nestor reigns, which bears the fame  
 Of being sandy, never heard thy name ;  
 His warriour son Antilochus I know,  
 But thee, fair youth, my eyes ne'er saw 'till now ;  
 Nor didst thou e'er inhabit Phthia's ground  
 Where valiant men and mighty souls are found ;  
 Æacus' diviner race which from him came  
 Long since are known, and which I've learnt by name,  
 Peleus', and Telamon's, and Patroclus' praise,  
 And the big strength which doth Achilles raise.

Thus warm with keen desire fair Helen said,  
 And this soft answer soothing Paris made.

If, fairest angel, fame did e'er unfold,  
 Or, what's the same, if e'er thou hast been told ;  
 A spot of earth in Phrygia's farthest lands,  
 Ycleapt old Troy, on which high Ilium stands,  
 Where mighty walls (the work of gods) surround  
 The plenteous place, and gird its peaceful ground :  
 If likewise charming, beauteous woman e'er  
 The sound of king of Troy has struck thine ear,  
 Who from great Saturn brings his lofty line,  
 And in the godlike title great doth shine ;  
 From that same god-like race I boast to rise,  
 And in the grand descent myself I prize :  
 I am, fair nymph, the son of Priam nam'd,  
 Priam, for rule and wealthy treasures fam'd ;  
 From Dardan's lofty race, fair queen, I flow,  
 And Jove great Dardan for his son doth know :  
 The gods (great Neptune and Apollo shew'd  
 Their help to man, and mighty pains bestow'd ;  
 By their quick hands high Ilium's walls did rise,  
 For to compleat the same they left the skies :

Moreover,

Moreover, charmer, if I truth pursue,  
 'Tween goddesses I form'd a judgment true ;  
 To beauteous Venus I declar'd the day,  
 Whom rapt'rous pleasures and the Loves obey ;  
 To her fair charms I gave the golden prize,  
 And best commended her refulgent eyes ;  
 For my reward she said she would bestow  
 A wife, that I the fairest bride should know ;  
 Helen, fair Helen fame doth stile her name ;  
 She's Venus' sister, and as bright a dame :  
 For her, and only her I did sustain  
 So many raging waves, and stem'd the main :  
 Now why should we the marriage rite refrain,  
 Since goddess Venus did the thing ordain ;  
 My suit, my plea fair lady, don't despise,  
 But view my offers with consenting eyes ;  
 I'll say no more, why should I more unfold  
 Since long e'er this our fatal story's told ?  
 Most charming Helen, thou thyself may'st trace  
 A feeble parent in thy husband's face ;  
 From an enfeebled stock he puny came,  
 Empty of vigour, and devoid of flame ;  
 For, Charmer, do the Grecian matrons shine  
 With radiant eyes or beauty like to thine ;  
 Courser their limbs, of courser fashion made,  
 Their solid forms like men appear display'd ;  
 A bastard race of womenkind they go,  
 Half men, half women in appearance shew.

Thus Paris spoke ; mean while with fixt surprize  
 Upon the ground fair Helen plac'd her eyes ;  
 Pausing a time she stood, no answer made,  
 At last with wonder fir'd thus she said :



Oft have I wish'd, O youth, I might behold  
 Ilium thy city, so renowned told;  
 Where mighty walls, the work of gods, surround  
 It's plenteous place, and gird its peaceful ground:  
 Oft too my eyes have longed to survey  
 Those verdant pastures where report doth say  
 The god Apollo in full pomp was seen  
 To drive his herds along the fragrant green:  
 Now from my native Sparta me convey,  
 Thee to thy Troy I'll follow; lead the way:  
 Since Venus, queen of joys connubial, laid  
 The strict command, the queen shall be obey'd:  
 Let not my husband fill thy soul with fear,  
 Tho' he were by, and should this language hear,  
 To Troy with thee, fair Paris, I would go,  
 So now the purpose of thy message shew.

Thus beauteous Helen unto Paris said,  
 Disclos'd her passion, and the contract made.

Mean time the god of day withdrew his light,  
 And in her turn was fled the peaceful night;  
 Dawn with its silver beams adorn'd the skies,  
 And dreams (a sportive train) began to rise:  
 The gates of sleep did now their doors unfold,  
 This fam'd for truth, and that for falsehood told;  
 Thro' that of Iv'ry wakeful slumber flows,  
 Sends airy dreams, and mimic visions shews;  
 But in the gate of horn unmasked lies  
 Undoubted truth with clear and open eyes.

Now Paris gladsome with his charming prize,  
 What Venus promis'd, the fair Helen flies;

Big with the dame to Troy he steers his way,  
And o'er the deep doth his fair charge obey ;  
The ship in pomp before the wind doth ride,  
Sails smooth, and nimbly cleaves the rolling tide.

But now the radiant morning full appears,  
Fair Helen's daughter sheds a thousand tears ;  
Griev'd and oppress'd she throws her veil away,  
Calls with a shout her maids, and thus doth say,

Tell me, me maids, and so relieve my sighs,  
Where Helen my lamented mother lies ;  
From me, forsaking this her bed, she's gone  
Perplex'd, and left Hermione alone :  
Last night both joyous we together lay,  
But now she's vanish'd with the coming day :  
Thus as she spoke, her eyes in sorrows flow'd,  
And her kind maids consenting tears bestow'd,  
Standing around the fair, they wept and sigh'd,  
And to relieve her pains kind measures try'd :  
Madam, compose your mind, forbear to mourn,  
Helen your mother will again return ;  
Soon as your troubled soul shall wake her ear,  
She'll hasten homeward, unto you appear :  
Lo ! how with tears your fading cheeks decay,  
Lady, your charms with weeping wear away ;  
Perhaps your beauteous mother strives to find  
The band of virgins to delight her mind,  
But in some dewy mead or pasture strays,  
Lost in her search, unknowing of the ways ;  
Perhaps, fair lady, now (which may be true)  
Nigh some clear stream she doth her way pursue,  
Or in Eurota's softly rolling wave  
Doth, as she's wont, her naked body lave.

Thus

Thus spake the maids ; but still the lady cry'd,  
At length deep sighing, thus the fair reply'd :  
The hills, the woods, the fields, and streams which flow  
Long e'er this day my poor mamma doth know ;  
Why do ye strive, unkind, in tales like these  
My pains to soften, or my troubles ease ?  
The stars grow dim, and all their fires are fled,  
And on some rock my Helen lays her head ;  
The radiant stars again revolving rise,  
But yet no poor mamma salutes my eyes ;  
Then say what place my injur'd fire contains,  
And what the sorrows which she now sustains ;  
O'er what cold rocky mountain doth she stray,  
Expos'd to ills, unknowing of the way ?  
Some savage lion meeting thee appears,  
Thy body seizes, and in pieces tears ;  
But ah ! the savage lions stand dismay'd,  
Of thund'ring Jove's illustrious race afraid :  
From some high craggy steep (Oh, might I know !)  
Thou tumblest headlong to the plain below ;  
There choak'd in dust thy bruised body lies,  
A mournful object to discerning eyes ;  
But ah ! each rock and wood I have survey'd,  
Nay in the leaves my narrow searches made,  
Yet no where there could I my fire behold,  
The faultless woods, don't thy fair body hold :  
Nor do Eurota's crystal waters hide  
Thee breathless sinking underneath their tide ;  
There live the Nais, and the Nais sweep  
Their trains along the bosom of the deep ;  
Thro' lucid streams and ev'ry brook they fly,  
So did protect thee, wou'd not let thee die.

Thus Helen's daughter fair with fruitless sighs  
Rackt her white breast, and wept with bitter cries ;  
O'erborn with sorrows she reclin'd her head  
Pensive, and o'er her sleep his pinions spread ;  
She slept. ---- Now antient tales and poets feign,  
That death and sleep at one kind birth were twain ;  
That as all things beneath the former's sway,  
Stoop, and enforc'd his grand behests obey,  
So sleep (the latter) antient fame oft says,  
Obedience to his brother's functions pays ;  
Hence when o'ercharg'd with grief a woman's heart  
Heaves up with sighs, and tears her eyes impart,  
Gently she's lull'd to downy sleep, and seems  
Death's image, when but fix'd in mimic dreams :  
Thus fair Hermione in a dream surveys  
Helen her mother, and with wonder says,

Oh, my mamma ! 'twas yesterday you fled,  
And left me sleeping in my father's bed ;  
What mountain or what hill has 'scap'd my eye,  
Or say what cave or stream have I pass'd by ?  
Did you for this to some gay comfort go,  
Or in the sprightly dance your presence shew ?

Thus spake the fair ; the beauteous Helen made  
The follow'ing answer, and pathetick said,

My fair belov'd Hermione, controul  
Thy grief, and stop the weeping of thy soul ;  
Do not thy tender mother Helen blame,  
But to her sorrows kinder language frame ;  
The fly, deceitful Paris (guest unknown)  
Who in my palace yesterday was shewn,

Sails

Sails (carry'ng me to distant Troy) to-day;  
 'Tis he has forc'd thy injur'd fire away.  
 Thus said; the daughter with a sudden bound  
 Starts from her bed, and wildly looks around;  
 She looks, but when no Helen she espies  
 Her voice in ecchoes thro' the dome replies,

Ye birds who sweep the regions of the sky,  
 Hasten to Crete, to Menelaus fly;  
 Tell him that yesterday a person came  
 Unknown, and forc'd away his bridal dame,  
 That the bright fair who did his house adorn  
 Is now for ever from his Sparta torn!

So spoke the damsel, while her piteous sighs  
 Drew vast relenting sorrows from her eyes;  
 In vain she spoke, in vain she weeping pray'd,  
 She sought, but ah! her search was useless made.

Mean while fair Paris over Helle's tide  
 Exulting sailed with his beauteous bride;  
 By Thracian towns his watty course he bore.  
 Left Greece behind, and sought the Trojan shore:  
 But Helen often in a wild despair  
 Threw off her veil, and tore her flaxen hair.  
 Cassandra from her lofty tow'r espy'd  
 The stranger woman, and prophetick cry'd.  
 Troy, fatal city, did its gates unfold  
 Soon as the gladsoime rueful news was told,  
 Receiv'd returning Paris, curst cause  
 Of all its future melancholly woes.





T H E  
S P E E C H  
O F  
P A R I S t o H E L E N,  
From D I C T Y S, the C R E T A N,  
T R A N S L A T E D i n t o V E R S E.



O fiercest love my raging thoughts aspire,  
And none but Helen can my bosom fire:  
'Tis thou alone, the fairest Grecian dame,  
My passion kindles, and provokes my flames;  
For thee (forsaking my white fleecy train)  
I built me ships, and stem'd the sounding main;  
For thee I left fair Ida's shady grove,  
And sought thy Sparta to pursue my love:  
Can beauteous Helen then my tale deny,  
Or see regardless thus her Paris die?  
Let Menelaus in far Crete bestow

His

His potent help, and dart the fatal blow,  
In rushing crowds his oaken spear employ,  
And make loud war the bus'ness of his joy:  
To nobler ends immortal love is led,  
Let thou and I ascend the genial bed:  
From our embrace a hero shall arise,  
Whose future worth shall mount the lofty skies.  
But say, my goddess, does thy fearful mind  
Forbode weak thoughts unto thy hopes unkind?  
Do watchful spies thy wishful flame destroy,  
Or is there treason in the sound of Troy?  
Think, charming dame, thy furious youth can ride  
Thro' crowds of ills, and stem the dang'rous tide:  
For thee no danger, nor no spies I fear,  
Oh, then a friend unto thyself appear!  
Behold how peaceful rolls the silent deep;  
All now is hush'd, and ev'ry wav's asleep:  
The Zephyrs now their friendly gales restrain  
To waft my vessel o'er the yeilding main:  
Then fear not, charmer, mount into my arms;  
I, Paris, I will save thee from all harms.  
Thus spoke the youth, and with an eager haste  
His arms he threw around her circling waste;  
The dame consenting clasp'd the furious boy,  
And in the fierce embrace embark'd for Troy.





## T H E

*Advice of J. E. Esq;*

On his *Death-Bed* to his *Daughter*.

**H**E A R me my *Child*? for you my Thoughts employ,  
Your Father's Treasure of his earthly Joy.

Nature hath doom'd me to the beck'ning grave

And bids me to return the Life she gave.

That *Kings* must dye the pow'rs of *Heav'n* ordain,

'Tis their command, and Man shou'd not complain,

Of no vain blisses, does my Soul partake,

Nor wou'd I live but for my infants sake.

Yet e'er my ling'ring Soul be torn, away

And this fond heart that beats, be *Senseless Clay*,

E'er that endearing Form shall leave my eyes,

E'er breath shall fail me, and thy *Father* dyes,

Come Kiss me, in these arm's? --- My *Dear* receive,

The choicest Blessings which my wish can give.

May, the indulgent, Eye of *Heav'n's* high pow'r

Watch all thy Steps, and guard thee ev'ry hour

May each bright moment of thy time be Spent

With real pleasures, and with true content:

And O my *Lifes* last Joy, I beg you'll mind,

These precepts which I dying leave behind,

Now, while thy infant *soul* is free from cares,

The spring of Life, and bloom of pleasing Years,

Whil't thus thy vernal Beauties calmly smile

Unstain'd with guilt, and unimpeach'd of guile

N

A grate-

A grateful Homage, first to Heaven Send,  
Think Heav'n Your parent and it's will attend;  
And when these morning Charms advance to day  
And ductile years expand bright wisdom's way  
Be *virtue* seated in thy *Virgin* mind,  
To Honour strict, yet complaisant and kind,  
With patience hear the pow'r of Fate's decree,  
Be firm to truth from Affectation free,  
All thoughts of *Pride* endeavour to forget,  
It's better to be humble than be great.  
Abhor Conceit to all Superiors bow,  
Nor think you know too much, for more to know,  
Be truly generous, and aim to give  
With equal Gratitude, as to receive,  
Be wise in conduct, let your mind display  
A Sweet demean, Sincere, and strictly gay  
Regard no person with reproachful eyes  
The great nor envy, nor the mean despise.  
Nor to be vain, nor to be *rich* admire,  
For Riches vex, and vanities will tire,  
Partake of pleasures in a mod'rate vein  
And study to be vers'd in books and men.  
Then if Your secret wish, shall ever tend,  
To choose a partner, and a faithful Friend,  
With caution deal; Let none Your virtue move  
But one be happy in *Connubial* love.  
Be thou to him in this short stage of life  
A dear Companion and a careful wife  
This is Your *Father's* will; his dying pray'r,  
May *Angels* guard You with their choicest Care  
Adieu! my Babe, remember what I've said  
Mark they're my dying words, and Sure they'll be obey'd.



# A SONG *Extempore* over a Bowl of PUNCH.



AY, all ye *Friends* who now are met,  
Around this sparkling Bowl,  
Does any sad *unhappy* Fate  
Lagg heavy on the *Soul*.

Does any here the *Lover* mourn  
Of some Imperious *Fair*,  
Who treats his off'rings with Scorn,  
And kill's him with *Despair*.

Or is there any weary'd Mind  
With *poverty* so great,  
As keeps his *Jays* too close confin'd,  
In slavish *Goals* of debt.

If so drink twice a single Share,  
Quick tofs the *Liquor* round,  
And you shall find that *stupid* Care,  
Will presently be *drown'd*.

See, see the Bowl with pleasing Smiles.  
Invites us to a *Bliss* ;  
All cloudy Sorrows it beguiles,  
And flows all *Happiness*.

Come join in *Chorus*, to the praise,  
Of the great *God* of Wine ;  
O jolly *Bacchus*, pow'rful God,  
All happiness is thine.





A

SONG *Extempore.*

ET Mortals lowly *Nod*, to profit as their *God*,  
And get *riches* with *Toil* and *Pain*,  
Let Courtiers *Debate*, of *Politicks* and *State*;  
And *Sumptuous* honour gain.

My *Life* I'll employ, with *amorous Joy*,  
And follow the *pleasing care* ;  
*Esteem* the only *bliss*, a *Coney* to possess  
*When she turn's up her silver Hair.*

Some may with *Toil*, delight in *savage Spoil*,  
And drive thro' the *pathless Wood* ;  
Think it *pleasure* to *veiw*, the *flying Stag* imbrue  
The *hills* with his *purple Blood* ;  
Or the *Hawk* clip his way, to follow his *prey*,  
While *piercing* the *yeilding Air* ;  
These may the *Sportsmen* move, but a *C - - y* I do love  
*When she turn's up her silver Hair.*

*Smooth Rivers* may *invite*, some to take *delight*  
In catching the *finny Race* ;  
Others may *adore*, to see the *Steeds* run o'er  
And fly thro' the *beaten Chace* ;  
Thus let them *receive*, the *Joys* these can *give*,  
And every *Sport* declare ;  
While I have my *desire*, the *C - - - y* I *admire*  
*When she turn's up her silver Hair.*

A N

# Extempore ANSWER

*To a Question of Mr. C--- rs.*

*When he was Dress'd fit for his Part at the P---y*

**Y**OU ask me C----y who appears the Brighter?  
 The *Grub-street* HERO, or the *Grubstreet* WRITER;  
 Strange you shou'd ask when you the Secret know,  
 ---- Is the WRITER, and the HERO, you;  
 Look in the Glafs of *Fops* and there by Gad  
 You are the Brighter when so nicely Clad;  
 But look in *Books*, in them you'll find a Glafs,  
 Which shows the HERO in the WRITER's *Arse*.

## *An* ACCROSTICK.

W hen CATO dy'd for LIBERTY and LAWS,  
 A ll Hearts were melted with the glorious Cause;  
 L ost to the State, and to his *Country's* Good,  
 P raises on him are even yet bestow'd;  
 O then can *Rev'rance* be to HIM deny'd  
 L iving alone for that which CATO dy'd  
 E ncircl'd by his *Foes* with ENVY, RAGE and PRIDE }

N 3

O N



*On two Young LADIES respected by  
D A M O N at one Time.*



Swain untaught in Arts of Love,  
Whom Love cou'd ne'er Subdue,  
Obsequious bows but never dies,  
Oft pleasing Views with wishing Eyes,  
*Myra* and *Cloe* too.

The soothing VIRGIN at whose feet,  
The Youth first lowly fell,  
With courting *Eyes* and smooth *Deceit*  
His ev'ry offer seem'd to greet,  
And listen to his Tale.

But *Cloe* she a wanton Fair,  
Whose Beauties well prevail'd ;  
With wav'ring mind oft Love deny'd,  
And if her secret *Heart* comply'd  
Yet Affectation fail'd.

Now trust me Fair one wou'd ye wish  
The Swain might cease to rove,  
Of steady Temper always be,  
From foolish Affectation free,  
And each with caution *Love*.

Let *Cloe* leave affecting Pride,  
*Myra* from fraud repair ;  
His Heart (believe ?) howe'er it burns  
To one of you at length returns  
And seeks its bosom there.

To a GENTLEMAN who ask'd why  
another was so Disconsolate.



I S for *Matilda* that *Alexis* Mourns  
For her he languishes for her he burns.  
A Virgin bright as the Celestial ray  
When Phœbus rises, and proclaims the day,  
Refreshing as an *April's* Silver Show'r;

That gently falls upon the blooming Flow'r,  
As Heaven virtuous, and a mind as Fair:  
The true portraiture of an *Angel* there.  
Such are the *Beauties* which the Nymph may boast,  
The more we Strive to praise, the more we're lost.  
So when Your curious and Impatient eyes,  
Search into dazling orbs, and boundless Skies;  
New Glories rise, when lost within the maze  
You cease to Number, and with wonder gaze;  
'Tis her *Alexis* loves with endless pain,  
For *Joy's* he wishes, always wish'd in vain  
Silent he sighs and pines and Silent mourns,  
Nor dares So much as tell her that he burns,  
While she the ruin Sees her eyes have done,  
Nor Yeilds a Smile till he a Smile has won.  
So *Silvia* frown'd, When you with am'rous Care  
Pin'd at her feet, and Sought no *Joy* but her.  
But when Your wanton Thoughts began to move,  
And other objects taught Your heart to rove,  
She kinder grew no more you Sigh'd in vain  
You did but ask, and what You ask'd obtain.

A SONG.

## A SONG.



ENTLY hear me charming *Fair*,  
 Ever kind and ever dear,  
 All my dying pains remove,  
*Cloe* Smile, and say you Love;  
 On your *bosom* let me lay,  
 Sigh and Gaze my *Soul* away.

Balmy *Kisses* pow'rful Joys  
 Such as *Death* nor *Time* destroys,  
 O my dearest *Fair* one give,  
 So I ever blest shall live;  
 More can *Gods* in Heavn be  
 Thou alone art Heav'n to me.

## On three Buxom FEMALES.

THREE buxom Females crown'd my nuptial Bed,  
 My Youth, my Manhood, and my Age did Wed;  
 The first I chose my Vig'rous *Nerves* to prove,  
 For *Chamber Combats*, and the *Feats of Love*;  
 Where all our *Spirits* for the *Bliss* we give,  
 And only dying *Murmurs* tell we live;  
 The next I wedded for her shining Store,  
 The last to keep me *Warm*, and *chafe* me o'er.

Upon





*Upon Mrs. BELL's Forfeiting her  
Faith to her first Love, and  
Marrying another.*



Shall Bell run backward then? 'tis wondrous  
Strange :

Yet wonder not, for Bells are giv'n to Change;  
I that have try'd her have too truly found,  
That she has nothing in her but a Sound.

She's metal to the back, she loves her Scope,

A Bell, scarce to be held with any Rope;  
Her Faith is fickle, of Chameleon hue,  
You'll ring her Neck off, e'er you ring her true.  
All's thine my Boy, nor can I envy yet  
Thy folly, and her Falshood so well met;  
No, I have cause to be of better Cheer,  
Since my best Stars have made me Bell-free here:

I shall not venture on next Ringing match,  
A Bell that is thus Rung with a back-catch.  
Thus of ye all I take my last *Adieu*,  
*Bell*, and the *Dragon*, and the *Diavel* too;  
This I have thought on, though for your relief,  
If the Bell Crack's, the Rope will ease your Grief:  
Sir, tho' I fear your Comforts cannot Swell,  
'Tis Credit to have born away the BELL.

A SONG

---

### *A Song to the MUSES.*

**W**ITH amorous Stories when Bards entertain us,  
 Of *Helen*, Queen *Joan*, *Cleopatra* and *Venus*;  
 They tell us nine *Virgins* who dwell on a Mountain,  
 Draw all their fine Thoughts from a clear crystal Fountain;  
 If these are the Waters of *Helicon's* Spring,  
 And Nymphs of *Parnassus* so idly Sing.  
 For Maids and a Fountain what Soul would not think,  
 There's only Nine *Prostitute Whores* and a Sink;  
 You Sisters of *Venus* your Honour is Lost,  
 Are these your Productions? then vain is your Boast;  
 Be no longer *Virgins* but own your selves rather,  
 The Genuine *Brats* of your lecherous Father;  
 But if you are wrong'd O ye Daughters of *Jove*,  
 Let such Profanations your Deity move:  
*Jove's* Thunder Call down on each impudent Lyar,  
 And then you'll Distinguish the few you Inspire.

---

### *On a Young Lady's being over taken in a STORM.*

**T**HE Bright dispenser of the glorious Day,  
 That once the World unrival'd, cou'd Survey:  
 Look'd through the Curtains of the Sky, to see  
 Who was more Gay and Glorious, you or he.  
 But soon again behind a sudden Cloud,  
 Abash'd, his yeilding Lustre did inshroud;  
 And there most noted Excellence to find,  
 Transcended thus by one of humane kind;  
 Through Grief and Shame, the high Celestial pow'r,  
 Murmur'd in Winds, and wept a falling Show'r.



To a Young LADY,

WITH

# Mr. Pope's Miscellany.



O thee, thou *fair One*, whose exalted Mind,  
May boast true Wisdom, and a Wit refin'd;  
I send this Volume, of Eternal praise,  
Which do abound with such harmonious

Lays

As move the Soul ten thousand diff'rent Ways  
Such melting Musick flows in ev'ry Line  
As if it warbled from a Tongue like Thine.  
Thrice happy *Genius* of *Britania's* Isle,  
On whom the *Muses* so profusely smile  
Happy indeed! that You so well cou'd write,  
What all Men read with Profit and Delight.  
But happier still, (*grant Heav'n I so succeed*)  
As to have wrote, what *MIRA* deigns to read,  
Her Judgment, and your Pow'r, at once is shown,  
She reads, and weeps for Sorrows not her Own,

For

For oft I've heard her faithful Heart reveal,  
 What tender Transports she was us'd to feel,  
 And from her Eyes, how drop'd the balmy Tear  
 When *Cloisa's* Tale, has charm'd her Ear.  
 In *Windfor Forrest* too, so fair and gay  
 Thy gentle Verse the rural *Scenes* display,  
 That while she reads the vernal Prospects rise,  
 And *Windfor Forrest* waves before her Eyes.  
 Hail skilful *Maid*, who can so well approve  
 What all Mankind so much applaud and love,  
 May the full Page, new Beauties still impart  
 'Till ev'ry Word, is stamp'd within thy Heart,  
 So, in the World this Miracle shall shine  
 A *POPE's* great Soul join'd to a Form divine.  
 Himself shall know thee, and record thy Name  
 Within his *TEMPLE*, of immortal Fame,  
 But as for me ; I dare not sing that *POW'R*  
 Which I behold with Wonder, and adore,  
 For Charms like Thine require a *Tract* as bright  
 As *Kneller* painted, and as *Pope* can write.  
 Still may his Godlike *Muse*, thy Favour boast  
 Of all thy Sex May't thou admire him most.  
 Let wand'ring Men, thy Sense of Merit see,  
 That they may know what Woman once can be,  
 And when some Story of a *Lover's* Care  
 Shall touch thy Heart, and charm thy list'ning Ear,  
 In that soft *Moment* when *Compassion* glow's,  
 And thou art melted, with his anxious woes,  
 Think? of thy Pity He has greater need  
*Who* feels more Pain than *Him* of whom you read.



# Spring-Gardens.



W H E N *April* Show'rs refresh the youth-  
ful Spring,

And Breezes waft on gentle *Zephyr's* wing,  
When *silver* Streams in soft Meanders play,  
When nature *Smiles*, and all the World is

Gay ;

From DRURY's bounds see shining throngs Repair,

With borrow'd Charms to breath in sweeter Air ;

Frem stinking Raggs, and lofty Garret free'd,

Lo! *Oyster Betty* shines in stiff *Brocade*.

See *Fop's* and *Hagg's* dress'd out, a glitt'ring Show !

Each *Barber's* Prentice makes a powder'd *Beau*,

To *Thames* they croud where Oars and Skullers wait

And proudly strive to catch the noble Freight ;

But Ah ! hard fate Oars, a gen'ral call

Proclaims the Prize, so Skullers take them all,

Now the glad Pinna'ce bounds with wanton pride

Darts from the Shore, and beat's the foaming Tide,

With Joy they're driven by a prosp'rous Gale,

While the glad *Boatswain* tells a bawdy Tale ;

At *Vaux-hall* Stairs they land, their Passage pay,

And to *Spring-Gardens*, tread the beck'ning Way ;

O

“ Ha”



" Hail pleasing Shades ! O hail thou secret Grove,  
 " The blest retreat of *liberty* and *love*.  
 " All hail ye Bow'rs ! ye beaut'ous *Silvan Scenes*,  
 " Ye Grott's, and Mazes of fresh blooming Greens ;  
 " Here dwells no care, no Matrimonial strife,  
 " The *peevish* Husband, nor the *bawling* Wife ;  
 " Here's no restraint to make our Pleasures cloy,  
 " We part at will, and as we please enjoy.  
 " See how the Birds by Nature taught, do rove,  
 " How sweet they Sing, and how like us they Love.  
 " With careless ease they hop from Tree to Tree,  
 " And are as Merry, and as Blest as we.  
 " *Thrice happy State !* each Am'rous *Trulla* says,  
 And baits with Poison all the various Ways ;  
 The Walks are fill'd with Throngs of diff'rent Sort,  
 From *Fleet-street*, *Drury*, and Incog from *Court*,  
 To these fair Shades *Belles* and *Beaus* advance,  
 Some sigh, some sing, some whistle and some dance.  
 A Courteous *Lady* who for long had been,  
 Some kind good natur'd Dame in *Drury-Lane*,  
 Was now address'd, by two young handsome Citts,  
 Who love new Fashions, and who hate the Witts,  
 To her they bow'd, then with a desp'rate sigh,  
 Says one your charming, Love or let me dye ;  
 To them with THUND'RING march a *Captain* comes,  
 Like Cannons roaring, flourishing like *Drums*,  
 " *Surrender there*" the Citts now trembling run,  
 And fly like small Shot scatt'ring from a Gun.  
 A *Lawyer* next, who heard the *Soldier* Storm,  
 Inspir'd by *Cupid*, and with *BACCHUS* warm,  
 Whisper'd in *Cloes* ear to swear a Rape,  
 And by this point of Law, gain'd her Escape,  
 He tips the Fee but proves an awkward Rake,  
 So ungenteel he gives, what he so well can take.

Next a *Physician* with his rambling Eyes,  
Between two spreading Trees a *Mopsa* spies,  
Her *pulse* he Feels and with a *Quack-like* Air,  
“ By all that’s Good says he, you’re ill my *Dear*,  
“ But come Cheer up, my Instrument shall prove,  
“ Your certain Cure, for you’re but sick for Love’.  
A Saint like *Vicar* last who only come,  
Disguis’d to *preach* and all the rest Condemn ;  
*Fir’d* by a *Trull*, not one grave Sentence said,  
But gave the wink and sneak’d into a Shade ;  
In sep’rate Places each expells his flame,  
Now loaths the Place to which with *Joy* he came,  
The reck’ning call’d appears a tedious Score,  
The *Belles*, the *Shades*, the *Birds* delight no more,  
Home they retire to Mourn their threat’ning ills,  
And learn to live on *Gruel*, *Broth*, and *Pills*.





To a Young LADY, seeing her at

# CHURCH.



**I**N vain *Semantbe*, would I wing my Pray'r,  
With Hands uplifted and a suppliant Air,  
You catch my rising Soul, at ev'ry Glance,  
My Fancy Wanders, and my Pulses dance;  
And while I meet the Flashes of your Eyes,  
My Virtue *sickens* and Devotion *dies*,

You curb each pious Thought that Stirs within,  
And what was Incense meant, convert to Sin.  
Strange Force of Beauty, that out rivals *Jove*,  
And in his Sacred Presence warms to Love.

Had Such, on *Syrian* Plains *Europa* been,  
Her Form so finish'd so divine her Mien;  
With Matchless Charms adorn'd, with Graces bright,  
Majestick, Soft, and tempting to the Sight,  
The God, without disguise, had own'd his Flame,  
And in the Thundrer's Shape enjoy'd the Dame;  
While with an equal Ray the Nymph had shone,  
And melted in her Arms his Lightning down,

UN.



# Unlawful LOVE,

## OR THE

### Passion of *Byblis*.



O U heedless Maids, whose young and tender hearts

Unwounded yet, have scap'd the fatal darts;  
Let the sad tale of wretched *Byblis* move,  
And learn by her to shun forbidden Love.

Not all the plenty, all the bright resort

Of gallant Youth, that grac'd the *Carian* Court,  
Could charm the haughty Nymph's disdainful heart,  
Or from a Brother's guilty Love divert ;

*Caunus* she lov'd, not as a Sister ought,

But Honour, Shame, and Blood alike forgot :

*Caunus* alone takes up her Thoughts and Eyes,

For him alone she wishes, grieves and sighs.

At first her new-born Passion owns no name,  
A glim'ring Spark scarce kindling into flame ;

O 3

She

She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip  
She snatch'd an harmless bliss ; if her fond clip  
With loose embraces oft his Neck surround,  
And Love is yet in debts of Nature drown'd.

But Love at length grows naughty by degrees,  
And now she likes, and strives her self to please :  
Well-drest she comes and arms her Eyes with darts,  
Her Smiles with charms and all the studi'd arts,  
Which practis'd Love can teach to vanquish hearts.  
Industrious now she labours to be fair,  
And envies all whoever fairer are.

Yet knows she not, she loves, but still does grow,  
Insensibly that thing she does not know :  
Strict honour yet her check'd desires does bind,  
And modest thoughts on this side wish-confin'd :  
Only within she sooths her pleasing flames,  
And now the hated terms of Blood disclaims :  
*Brother* sounds harsh ; she the unpleasing word  
Strives to forget and oftner calls him *Lord* :  
And when the name of *Sister* grates her ear,  
Cou'd wish't unsaid, and rather *Byblis* hear.

Nor dare she yet with waking Thoughts admit  
A wanton hope : but when returning night  
With Sleep's soft gentle spell her Senses charms,  
Kind Fancy often brings him to her Arms :  
In them she oft does the lov'd Shadow seem  
To grasp, and joys, yet blushes too in Dream.  
She wakes, and long in wonder silent lies,  
And thinks on her late pleasing Extasies :  
Now likes and now abhors her guilty flame,  
By turns abandon'd to her Love and Shame :



At length her struggling thoughts an utterance find,  
And vent the wild disorders of her mind.

“ Ah me ! (she cries) kind Heav'n avert ! what means  
“ This boading form, that nightly rides my dreams ?  
“ Grant 'em untrue ! why should lewd hope divine ?  
“ Ah ! why was this too charming Vision seen ?  
“ 'Tis true, by the most envious wretch that sees,  
“ He's own'd all fair and lovely, own'd a prize  
“ Worthy the conquest of the brightest eyes :  
“ A prize that wou'd my high ambition fill,  
“ All I could wish ; - - - but he's my Brother still !  
“ That cruel work for ever must disjoyn,  
“ Nor can I hope, but thus, to have him mine.

“ Since then I waking never must possess,  
“ Let me in sleep at least enjoy the bliss,  
“ And sure nice Virtue can' forbid me this :  
“ Kind sleep does no malicious spies admit,  
“ Yet yields a lively 'semblance of delight :  
“ Gods ! what a scene of Joy was that ! how fast  
“ I clasp'd the Vision to my panting breast !  
“ With what fierce bounds I sprung to meet my bliss,  
“ While my wrapt soul flew out in ev'ry kiss !  
“ Tiil breathless, faint and softly sunk away,  
“ I all dissolv'd in reeking pleasures lay !  
“ How sweet is the remembrance yet ! thought night !  
“ Too hasty fled, drove on by envious light.

“ O that we might the Laws of Nature break !  
“ How well could *Caunus* me a Husband make !  
“ How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take !  
“ Wou'd God ! in all things we had Partners bin  
“ Besides our Parents and our fatal Kin :

“ Wou'd

" Wou'd thou were nobler, I more meanly born,  
 " Then guiltless I dispair'd and suffer'd scorn :  
 " Happy that Maid unknown, whoe'er shall prove  
 " So blest, so envi'd, to deserve thy love.  
 " Unhappy me ! whom the same womb did joyn,  
 " Which now forbids me ever to be thine :  
 " Curst fate ! that we alone in that agree,  
 " By which we ever must divided be.  
 " And must we be ? what meant my Visions then ?  
 " Are they and all their dear presages vain ?  
 " Have dreams no credit but with easy love ?  
 " Or do they hit sometimes and faithful prove ?  
 " The Gods forbid ! yet those whom I invoke,  
 " Have lov'd like me, have their own Sisters took :  
 " Great *Saturn* and his greater Off-spring *Jove*,  
 " Both stock'd their Heaven with incestuous love :  
 " Gods have their priviledge ; why do I strive  
 " To strain my hopes to their Prerogative ?

" No, let me banish this forbidden fire,  
 " Or quench it with my blood, and with't expire :  
 " Unstain'd in honour, and unhurt in fame,  
 " Let the same Grave, bury my Love and Shame :  
 " But when at my last hour I gasp'ng lie,  
 " Let only my kind *Murtherer* be by :  
 " Let him, while I breath out my soul in sighs,  
 " Of gaze't away, look on with pitying eyes :  
 " Let him (for sure he can't deny me this)  
 " Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kifs.

" Besides, 'twere vain should I alone agree  
 " To what another's will must ratify :

" Cou'd

" Cou'd I be so abandon'd to consent,  
 " What I have pass'd for good and innocent,  
 " He may perhaps as worst of Crimes resent.  
 " Yet we amongst our race examples find  
 " Of Brothers, who have been to Sisters kind :  
 " Fam'd *Canace* cou'd thus successful prove,  
 " Cou'd crown her wishes in a Brother's love,  
 " But whence cou'd I these instances produce ?  
 " How came I witty to my ruin thus ?  
 " Whither will this mad frenzy hurry on ?  
 " Hence, hence, you naughty flames, far hence be gone,  
 " Nor let me e'er the shameful Passion own.

" And yet shou'd he address I shou'd forgive,  
 " I fear, I fear, I shou'd his suit recieve :  
 " Shall therefore I, who cou'd not love disown  
 " Offer'd by him, not mine to him make known ?  
 " And canst thou speak ? can thy bold tongue declare ?  
 " Yes, Love shall force : - - - and now methinks I dare.  
 " But lest fond modesty at length refuse,  
 " I will some sure and better method chuse :  
 " A Letter shall my secret flames disclose,  
 " And hide my Blushes, but reveal their cause.

This takes, and 'tis resolv'd as soon as said,  
 With this she rais'd her self upon her bed,  
 And propping with her hand her leaning head :  
 " Happen what will (says she) I'll make him know  
 " What pains, what raging pains I undergo :  
 " Ah me ! I rave ! what tempests shake my breast !  
 " And where ? O where will this distraction rest ?  
 Trembling, her Thoughts Indite, and oft her Eye  
 Looks back for fear of conscious spies too nigh :

And

## 154. THE LADIES MISCELLANY.

One hand her paper, t'other holds her pen,  
 And tears supply what Ink her Lines must drain,  
 Now she begins, now stops, and stopping frames  
 New doubts, now writes, and now her writing damns,  
 She writes, defaces, alters, likes and blames:  
 Oft throws in haste her Pen and Paper by,  
 Then takes 'em up again as hastily:  
 Unsteady her resolves, fickle and vain,  
 No sooner made, but strait unmade again:  
 What her desires would have she does not know,  
 Displeas'd with all whatsoe'er she goes to do:  
 At once contending, shame and hope and fear  
 Wrack her toft mind, and in her looks appear.  
*Sister* was wrote; but soon mis-giving doubt  
 Recals it, and the guilty word blots out:  
 Again she pauses, and again begins,  
 At length her Pen drops out these hasty Lines.

" Kind health, which you and only you can grant,  
 " Which, if deny'd, she must for ever want;  
 " To you your Lover sends: ah! blushing shame  
 " In silence bids the Paper hide her name:  
 " Wou'd God! the fatal message might be done  
 " Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,  
 " E're blest success her hopes and wishes crown.

" And had I now my smother'd grief conceal'd,  
 " It might by tokens past have been reveal'd,  
 " A thousand proofs were ready to impart  
 " The inward anguish of my wounded heart:  
 " Oft, at your sight a sudden blush did raise,  
 " My blood came up to meet you at my face:  
 " Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes  
 " Betray'd in looks my soul's too thin disguise:

" Think

" Think how their Tears, think how my heaving Breast  
 " Oft in deep sighs some cause unknown confest :  
 " Think how these Arms did oft with fierce embrace,  
 " Eager as my desires, about you press :  
 " These Lips too (when they cou'd so happy prove,  
 " Had you but mark'd) with close warm kisses strove  
 " To whisper something more than Sister's love.

" And yet, though rankling grief my mind distress,  
 " Though raging flames within burnt up my breast,  
 " Long time I did the mighty pain endure,  
 " Long strove to bring the fierce disease to cure :  
 " Witness what cruel Pow'rs, who did inspire  
 " This strange, this fatal, this resistless fire,  
 " Witness the pains (for you alone can know)  
 " This helpless wretch to quench't did undergo :  
 " A thousand Racks, and Martyrdoms, and more  
 " Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore :  
 " O'ermatch'd in pow'r at last I'm forc'd to yield,  
 " And to the conqu'ring God resign the field :  
 " To you, dear cause of all, I make address,  
 " From you with humble pray'rs I beg redress :  
 " Your rule alone's my arbitrary fate,  
 " And life and death on your disposal wait :  
 " Ordain, as you think fit ; deny, or grant,  
 " Yet know no stranger is your suppliant.  
 " But she, who, though to you by Blood alli'd  
 " In nearest bonds, in nearer wou'd be ti'd.

" Let doating age debate of Law and Right,  
 " and gravely state the bounds of just and fit ;  
 " Whose wisdom's but their envy, to destroy  
 " And bar those pleasures which they can't enjoy :

“ Our



" Our blooming years, more sprightly and more gay,  
 " By Nature were design'd for love and play :  
 " Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Virtue's fence,  
 " And briskly hunts the noble chase of sense :  
 " Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,  
 " And call that lawful, whatsoe'er does please.  
 " Nor will our guilt want instances alone,  
 " 'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done :  
 " Let's follow where those great examples went,  
 " Nor think that Sin, where Heav'n's a precedent.

" Let neither awe of Father's frowns, nor shame  
 " For ought that can be told by babbling fame,  
 " Nor any gastlier phantom, fear can frame,  
 " Frighten or stop us in our way to bliss,  
 " But boldly let us rush on happiness :  
 " Where glorious hazzards shall enhance delight,  
 " And that, that makes it dang'rous make it great.

" Relation too, which does our fault increase,  
 " will serve that fault the better to disguise ;  
 " That lets us now in private often meet  
 " Blest'd opportunities for stoln delight :  
 " In publick often we embrace and kiss,  
 " And fear no jealous, no suspecting eyes.  
 " How little more remains for me to crave !  
 " How little more for you to give ! O save  
 " A wretched Maid undone by love and you,  
 " Who does in tears and dying accents sue ;  
 " Who bleeds that Passion she had ne'er reveal'd,  
 " If not by love, almighty love compel'd :  
 " Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain:  
 " Here *Byblis* lies, kill'd by your cold disdain.

" But

Here forc'd to end, for want of room, not will  
 To add, her lines the crowded Margin fill,  
 Nor space allow for more : she trembling, folds  
 The paper, which her shameful message holds ;  
 And seeling, as she wept with boading fear,  
 She wet her Signet with a falling Tear.  
 This done, a trusty Messenger she call'd,  
 And in kind words the whisper'd Errand told :  
 " Go, carry this with faithful care, she said,  
 " To my dear, - - - there she paus'd a while, and staid,  
 And by and by - - - *Brother* - - - was heard to add :  
 As she deliver'd it with her commands,  
 The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,  
 Dismay'd with the ill *Omen*, she anew  
 Doubted success, and held, yet bad him go.

He goes, and after quick admission got  
 To *Caunus* hands the fatal secret brought :  
 Soon as the doubtful Youth a glance had cast  
 On the first lines, and guest by them the rest,  
 Strait horror and amazement fill'd his breast :  
 Impatient with his rage he could not stay  
 To see the end, but threw't half read away.  
 Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch forbear,  
 Nor did his tongue these angry threatnings spare :  
 " Fly hence, nor longer my chaf'd fury trust,  
 " Thou cursed Pander of detested lust ;  
 " Fly quickly hence, and to thy swiftness owe  
 " Thy life, a forfeit to my vengeance due :  
 " Which, had not danger of my Honour cross'd,  
 " Thou'dst paid by this, and been sent back a ghost,

He the rough orders strait obeys, and bears  
 The killing news to wretched *Byblis* ears;  
 Like striking thunder the fierce tidings stun,  
 And to her heart quicker than light'ning run:  
 The frighted blood forsakes her ghastly face,  
 And a short death does ev'ry member seize:  
 But soon as sense returns, her frenzy too  
 Returns, and in these words breaks forth anew.

“ And justly serv'd; ---- for why did foolish I  
 “ Consent to make this rash discovery?  
 “ Why did I thus in hasty lines reveal  
 “ That dang'rous secret, Honour wou'd conceal?  
 “ I shou'd have first with art disguis'd the hook,  
 “ And seen how well the gawdy bait had took,  
 “ And found him hung at last, before I strook:  
 “ From shore I shou'd have first descry'd the wind,  
 “ Whether 'twould prove to my adventure kind,  
 “ E'er I to untry'd Seas my self resign'd:  
 “ Now dash'd on Rocks unable to retire,  
 “ I must i'th' wreck of all my hopes expire,

“ And was not I by tokens plain enough  
 “ Forewarn'd to puit my unauspicious Love?  
 “ Did not the Fates my ill success foretel,  
 “ When from my hands th' unhappy Letter fell?  
 “ So should my hopes have done, and my design,  
 “ That, or the day should then have alter'd bin;  
 “ But rather the unlucky day; when Heaven  
 “ Such om'nous Proofs of its dislike had giv'n;  
 “ And so it had, had not mad Passion sway'd,  
 “ And Reason been by blinder Love mislaid.

“ But

" Besides (alas!) I shou'd my self have gone,  
 " Nor made my Pen a proxy to my Tongue;  
 " Much more I cou'd have spoke, much more have told,  
 " Than a short Letter's narrow room would hold:  
 " He might have seen my Looks, my wishing Eyes,  
 " My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs;  
 " About his Neck I could have flung my Arms,  
 " And been all over Love, all over Charms;  
 " Grasp'd and hung on his Knees, and there have dy'd,  
 " There breath'd my gasping Soul out if deny'd:  
 " This and ten thousand things I might have done  
 " To make my Passion with Advantage known;  
 " Which if they each could not have bent his mind,  
 " Yet surely all had forc'd him to be kind.

" Perhaps he whom I sent was too in fault,  
 " Nor rightly tim'd his Message, as he ought;  
 " I fear he went in some ill-chosen hour,  
 " When cloudy wether made his temper loure.  
 " Not those calm seasons of the mind, which prove  
 " The fittest to receive the seeds of love.

" These things have ruin'd me; for doubtless he  
 " Is made of humane flesh and blood like me;  
 " He suck'd no Tygres sure, nor Mountain Bear,  
 " Nor does his breast relentless Marble wear.  
 " He must, he shall consent, again I'll try,  
 " And try again, if he again deny:  
 " No scorn, no harsh repulse, or rough defeat  
 " Shall ever my desires, or hopes rebate.  
 " My earnest suits shall never give him rest,  
 " While Life, and Love more durable, shall last:  
 " Alive I'll press, till breath in pray'rs be lost,  
 " And after come a kind beseeching ghost.

" For, if I might, what I have done, recall,  
 " The first point were, not to have done't at all ;  
 " But since 'tis done, the second to be gain'd  
 " Is now to have, what I have fought, attain'd :  
 " For he, though I should now my wishes quit,  
 " Can never my unchaste attempts forget :  
 " Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I  
 " By slightly asking, taught him to deny ;  
 " Or that I tempted him with wily fraud,  
 " And snares for his unwary Honour laid :  
 " Or, what I sent (and the belief were just)  
 " Were not th' efforts of Love, but shameful Lust.

" In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill ;  
 " I've writ, I have solicited, my will  
 " Has been debauch'd ; and shou'd I thus give out,  
 " I cannot chaste and innocent be thought :  
 " Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,  
 " Much to my wish, but little to my guilt.

She spoke ; but such is her unsettled mind,  
 It shifts from thought to thought, like veering wind,  
 Now to this point and now to that inclin'd :  
 What she could wish had unattempted been,  
 She strait is eager to attempt agen :  
 What she repents, she acts ; and now lets loose  
 The reins to Love, nor any bounds allows :  
 Repulse upon repulse unmov'd she bears,  
 And still sues on, while she her suit despairs.

*Spiritual*





# *Spiritual Fornication.*

A BURLESQUE

## P O E M.

WHEREIN

The CASE of Miss *Cadiere* and Father  
*Girard* is merrily Display'd.

---

In Three CANTO's.

---

### CANTO I.

**P**hysicians hold Evacuation  
Is very proper on Occasion,  
For when the Blood ferments amain,  
Fevers ensue with scorching Pain,  
And if no Aid be brought, d'ye see,  
Death gains an easy Victory.

This *pious* G I R A R D, Jesuit true  
As ever piss'd, or trod in Shoe,  
Revolving often in his Mind,  
And not as yet to dye inclin'd,  
Resolv'd to bilk the ghastly Tyrant,  
(For he had fix'd his whole Desire on't,)

P 3

And

And lest he might be overtaken,  
Would use the Means to save his Bacon.

As *Helen's* bright resplendant Charms  
Thro' th' *Eástern* World rung loud Alarms,  
So Miss *Cadiere's* angelick Beauty,  
Her Piety and filial Duty,  
(Virtues scarce seen among the Fair,  
Except an odd one here and there,)  
Set half the *Gallick* Youth on fire,  
Some lov'd, some burn'd with hot Desire.

Amongst the last, in hopes to win her,  
Was that sly, hypocritick Sinner,  
That compound of a goatish Lecher,  
And a most edifying Preacher;  
*Girard* 'yelp'd, like him could no Man,  
Seduce a young, unwary Woman,  
Well-<sup>l</sup>vers'd was he in Love's Affair,  
And made a Stalking-Horse of Pray'r;  
Yet so well mimick'd the Divine,  
Who could suspect his black Design?  
This *pious Cheat*, robust and jolly,  
Scarce fix'd his wanton Eyes on *Polly*;  
But his Mouth water'd for a Kiss,  
As earnest of a future Bliss.  
And now, in order to possess her,  
He's soon appointed her Confessor;  
His Sanctity he lays aside,  
For o'er the Spirit Lust does ride;  
And Men, we know, of his Profession,  
Make Women often want Confession:  
But that's no Matter, Absolution  
Will purge the Soul from all Pollution.

Then they renew the self-same Trick,  
 And run again with Heav'n on Tick  
 'Till the good Father, for the Pence,  
 Pardons the Sin, remits th' Offence.  
 If Pardons can be bought and sold,  
 Who would be virtuous that has Gold?

Twelve Months had pass'd e'er he began  
 Th' unwary Virgin to trepan;  
 But think not he was continent,  
 Or during the whole Year *kept Lent*.  
 Of *Wantons* he had half a dozen,  
 Whom he religiously did couzen;  
 To him Adult'ry, Fornication,  
 Were nothing more than Recreation.  
 But half a dozen were too few,  
 And now he wanted something new,  
 A Virgin Pullet, plump and white,  
 To please his carnal Appetite.

*Pelly*, who had been sick some Days,  
 Recov'ring Strength, and now at ease,  
 And being piously intent,  
 To take the *holy Sacrament*,  
 To *Girard* goes in hopes Confession  
 Would wipe away each small Transgression.  
 She found him sitting in a Chair,  
 Then drawing nigh with modest Fear,  
 He soon perceiv'd the lovely Maid,  
 Whom thus he gently did upbraid:  
 ' My Child, it grieves me much to find,  
 ' You have of late been so unkind:  
 ' Say, what could make you not to send,  
 ' For your good Father, and your Friend?

“ Tell

‘ Tell me, my charming, pretty Miss,  
 ‘ What have I done to merit this?  
 Then did he squeeze her Lilly Hand,  
 Which put them both unto a stand.

Perceiving she made no Reply,  
 By artful Ways, and Wiles most fly,  
 He hop’d to gain the *bashful Fair*,  
 And drew her nearer to the Chair.

‘ For you, *said he*, Heav’n has in store  
 ‘ Ten thousand Blessings; but much more  
 ‘ Than what already you have done,  
 ‘ (And yet I own you’ve well begun,)  
 ‘ Is still requir’d, to Heav’n then yield,  
 ‘ For Heav’n’s your Comfort and your Shield,  
 ‘ Will you not yeild yourself to me?

‘ Yes, yes, you will, my Devotee.

Then sticking close unto the Text,

He fairly *tipt the Velvet* next;

And straight the warm salival Juice,

Did wonderful Effects produce.

Her Pulse beats high, her Blood’s inflam’d,

Symptoms so plain her Love proclaim’d:

But not content with Indication,

She comes to downright Declaration.

‘ What have you done, *said she*, I find

‘ A strange Disorder in my Mind,

‘ My flutt’ring Heart no longer mine,

‘ To you I freely do resign;

‘ As you are Master of the Field,

‘ To you my Person I must yield,

These Words, as *Hybla’s Honey*, sweet,

Did with a kind Reception meet,

Caus'd an Emotion in the Lecher,  
No longer now her pious Teacher;  
Then led her to a Place they call  
The *Jesuit's Confessional*.  
Here he his Talent did display,  
And let no Minute pass away,  
In which he failed to improve  
The poor misguided Zealot's Love.  
Her Folly, lest she might repent,  
And become truly penitent,  
There was no Sin, he did assure her,  
In that to which he did allure her.

Content with this, her Mind's at rest,  
She locks the Secret in her Breast.

My Child, *said he*, observe me well,  
And mark what now I do foretel;  
Visions thou surely shalt see many,  
But yet be not dismay'd at any,  
And give me daily an Account  
If you those Visions can surmount,  
And what Effect they do produce,  
That I may solve what seem abstruse.

*Polly*, with Joy replete, withdraws  
And spreads the *Father's* great Applause,  
Dubs him a Prophet and a Saint,  
With brightest Eloquence does paint  
To all she knows) his Virtuous Fame,  
His pious Acts, and holy Name.

But now, to cast her into Trances,  
And fill her Mind with various Fancies,



By Magick Art he calls from *Hell*,  
 The chiefest Fiend that there doth dwell ;  
 Who wings it thro' the yielding Air,  
 And straight before him does appear.

*Satan*, said he, Infernal King,  
 Grist to your Mill I often bring,  
 And since much more I do intend  
 For thee my faithful, sooty Friend,  
 As quick as Light'ning now repair  
 To my beloved, young *Cadiere* ;  
 Delude her Senses, and her Mind  
 Possess with Thoughts of various Kind.

Quoth *Satan*, pleas'd with this Advice,  
 I'll take Possession in a trice.

## C A N T O II.

**N**OW *Girard's* faithful, trusty 'Squire,  
 Prepares t'accomplish his Desire ;  
 Unseen before *Cadiere* he dances,  
 And casts her into Fits and Trances :  
 Then like some conj'ring Politician,  
 Makes her believe she's seen a Vision.  
 Many indeed she does relate  
 That happen'd in her wretched State ;  
 But one amongst the rest does shew,  
*Satan* can *Jesuits* outdo.

A Scene he draws before her Eyes,  
 Full of Amazement and Surprize ;

Then

Then with a *Presto, Past, Be gone,*  
A bright angelick Form puts on.  
This done, the Heavens are open laid,  
And all their Glories there display'd ;  
With seven great Seals before her lies  
A Book of large and monstrous Size,  
This Book, as well the Damsel wist,  
Was brought by *John th' Evangelist.*  
Plain as a Pike-staff there he wrote,  
(As she at that same time did note,)  
With Goose-quill Pen, and shining Ink,  
In Letters large, as she does think,  
*John-Baptist, Mary-Chatherine ;*  
Then to the holy, sacred Shrine  
The Book was carried, whence a Voice  
Didease her Mind, her Heart rejoyce,  
Saying, whatever's written here  
Shall be unchangeable I swear.

When *Girard* next a Visit paid,  
Which truly was too often made,  
*Polly*, with Face more red than pale,  
Gave him a circumstantial Tale  
Of what had pass'd, and said moreover  
She own'd herself to be his Lover ;  
For the bare mention of his Name  
Wou'd her poor trembling Heart inflame.  
If this his Name alone cou'd do,  
More from his Person must ensue.

Tell me, *said she*, my dear *Director*,  
Guide of my Conscience, and Protector,  
Whence comes this Thing to me so new,  
This Passion, which I have for you ?

Say,

Say, can the Love of Heaven do this ?  
 Does Heaven produce for me such Bliss ?  
 To this the subtle *Fox* reply'd,  
 As now you are, so still abide,  
 Nor in the least uneasy be  
 At what is gracious Heaven's Decree.  
 Heaven has ordain'd you to be mine,  
 And the same Heaven has made me thine.  
 Soul of my Soul, thy Image here  
 In my fond Bosom do I bear,  
 Then cherish daily and improve  
 Your Passion for me and your Love ;  
 For these are Heaven's Commands, *he said*,  
 And Heaven, you know, must be obey'd,

Now grown incapable of Pray'r,  
 It fills her Mind with Doubts and Fear ;  
 And therefore to obtain Relief,  
 And ease her from oppressive Grief,  
 She goes again, her Case she moans  
 With heavy Sighs and bitter Groans.

Quoth he, what Whims disturb thy Head ?  
 What Maggots now are therein bred ?  
 I needs must own that Pray'r is good  
 For such as are *meer* Flesh and Blood,  
 Because it leads 'em unto Heaven,  
 It planes the Way and makes it even ;  
 But surely they, who once come there,  
 No longer stand in need of Prayer,  
 And you and I, do by the Spirit  
 That glorious Mansion now inherit.  
 Then be not led, since this the Case is,  
 Astray by idle *Wild-Goose Chaces*.

But

But listen, Child, to what I say,  
'Twill turn your Mind another way.  
On such a Day, my lovely Fair,  
Thou shalt be carried thro' the Air;  
I caution you be not afraid,  
Or, at the sudden Change, dismay'd  
Present I'll be, and there attend  
To see you gloriously ascend.

But e'er the Day prefix'd could come,  
*Polly* must undergo her doom;  
*Satan*, to please the Father *Rector*,  
Began to strut, to bounce and hector.  
Again he does appear before her,  
As if with Visions he would store her;  
Shews her a Soul in Mortal Sin,  
With ghastly Phiz, and horrid Grin;  
Tells her, it ne'er can be at rest,  
Except she yields to be possess'd;  
Then at the End of one short Year,  
He'll take his leave, and disappear.

*Polly* at this was much perplex'd,  
And when she went to *Girard* next,  
She told him all that she had seen,  
What heaps of Troubles she was in.  
Come, come, *said he*, you little Elf,  
Heav'n says you must resign yourself;  
What matters one Year's Misery  
To save a Soul, and set it free?  
And now, in order to compleat it,  
I'll draw the Form, do you repeat it

Q

KNOW

KNOW ALL MEN present, far and near,  
 I, *Mary-Catherine Cadiere*,  
 Tho' neither Lady, Countess, Dutchesse,  
 To take a Soul from *Satan's* Clutches,  
 Do yield myself to be possess'd  
 And lodge the *Fiend* within my Breast,  
*Provided* always ne'ertheless,  
 As Words hereafter do express,  
*Viz.* When one Year shall roll about,  
 He from the *Premises* goes out ;  
 And leaves the same in as good plight,  
 As good Condition to the Sight,  
 As they at that same time had been  
 When the said *Satan* enter'd in,  
 Except all Wear and Use in Reason  
 According to the Time and Season.  
*In Witness* now that this is Truth,  
 I bite the black Wax with my \* Tooth.

---

\* This alludes to the Custom among our Forefathers, before  
 Coat of Arms or Seals were used. Thus an Estate in *Cheshire*  
 was convey'd and pass'd away by Virtue of these Lines, *viz.*

*While Grass is green, and Coney rough,*  
*I give my Land to John of Clough ;*  
*In Witness now that this is sooth,*  
*I bite the Wax with my Wang-Tooth.*





## C A N T O III.

**T**H E Morning Sun, in bright array  
 Refulgent shines, and gilds the Day,  
 With aching Heart, poor Miss *Cadiere*,  
 Prepares to breath superior *Air*.

*Girard*, who knew that his Prediction  
 Would prove a Tale, a meer Fiction,  
 Enters the Room, and locks the Door,  
 As he had often done before;  
 And having spent an Hour careffing  
 His pretty *Miss*, gives her his Blessing.  
 Then rising suddenly, he cry'd,  
 My Child, thou art beatify'd;  
 Now, now, *said he*, you mount the *Air*;  
 But *Polly* held fast by the Chair,  
 Not willing yet to leave the World,  
 And unto Heav'n knows where be hurl'd.  
 At this the cunning Father *Rector*,  
 Pretends with angry Looks to hector;  
 Quoth he, obey the Spirit fly,  
 Let him *enjoy* and *occupy*,  
 For you receiv'd him as your Guest,  
 If you refuse, you'll ne'er be bleis'd.  
 But she, poor Soul! grown obstinate,  
 Wou'd not submit to be his Mate;  
 At which the *Father*, in a Rage,  
 With Looks most surly, left the Stage.

Soon after came a \* *Joyner's Wife*,  
 To put an End to all the Strife;  
 Handsome she was a Beauty's Queen,  
 With *Air* majestick, portly *Mein*.  
*Girard* had view'd her round about,  
 As well her *Inside* as the *Out*:  
 So strict is his Examination,  
 No *Part* escap'd his *Penetration*.  
 This buxom Wife, to him devoted  
 For Reasons that must not be quoted,  
 Since they are better to be guess'd,  
 Than in plain *English* Terms express'd.  
 Began to catechize poor *Polly*,  
 And reprehend her for her Folly.  
 Then one Thing she insisted hard on,  
 To ask the ghostly Father's Pardon.  
 The Plot grows ripe --- this Penitent  
 Sighs, weeps, and to Confession went;  
 Then *Girard*, looking very gruff,  
 Spoke to her thus in Language rough.

Mortal, against the Light within  
 Thou hast committed heinous Sin;  
 But I'll admit you to Confession,  
 And to atone for your Transgression,  
 Enjoy'n a Penance adequate  
 To your Offence, so monstrous great.

He came next Morning, lock'd the Door,  
 A thing not new, you heard before;

---

\* *Mrs. La Guiol.*

Then causing her to kneel before him,  
As if he meant she should adore him,  
And holding in his Hand a Lash,  
He thus pour'd forth his impious Trash.

That you shou'd now be naked stripp'd,  
And *every Part* about you whipp'd,  
Is what Heav'n's Justice does require  
To satisfy its blazing Ire.  
The World shou'd witness *all your Shame*,  
But gracious Heav'n consents the *same*  
Shall by your *Confessor* alone  
Be seen, except these Walls of Stone,  
Which are incapable of Speech,  
And can't tell Stories of your Breech.  
But Heav'n demands that first you swear  
By holy *Peter's* holy Chair,  
This Mystery, so very deep ;  
As a great Secret you will keep ;  
For it would ruin me, if known,  
My dearest Girl, to any one.

*Polly*, on pious Thoughts was bent,  
And far from guessing his Intent,  
She swore it ne'er shou'd be reveal'd,  
Since he wou'd have it lie conceal'd.

Go then, my dearest Child, he said,  
And lay yourself upon the Bed,  
Under your Elbows Pillows place,  
And bear the Discipline of Grace :  
But that she might not mind his Tricks,  
Regard, said he, this Crucifix.

Now with impetuous Lust grown bolder,  
 He flings her Cloaths up to her Shoulder ;  
 Three tender Lashes then he gave,  
 which she did willingly receive.  
 This done, he rubs her Back, her Bum  
 He kiss'd, and eke her *Modicum*,  
 Out of five Senses twice two lie  
 Regal'd with wond'rous Lechery.  
 But had *Miss Polly* been so kind  
 To send her Thunder from behind,  
 While he was playing at *Bo peep*,  
 Or else perhaps at *Creep Mause creep*,  
 Tho' it might make him start and stare,  
 Each Sense would then have had a share.

When *Polly* got from off the Bed,  
 The goatish Confessor thus said ;  
 Creature Divine ! of bless'd Descent !  
 I see Heav'n is not yet content ;  
 Naked you must be stripp'd, and stand  
 Before me, this is Heav'n's command.

Alarm'd at such a strange Injunction,  
 From one of his most holy Function  
 Her Sense is lost, she faints away,  
 And seems a lifeless Piece of Clay ;  
 But to herself again she came,  
 And he soon conquer'd all her *Shame* ;  
 Nor could he truly see much more  
 Than what his Eyes beheld before.  
 Stark naked stripp'd he lays her down,  
 And now his eager Hopes to crown

He mounts the Saddle, rides *Tanti-vee*,  
 Tickling those Parts that are most privy.  
 He feel'd, he look'd, good Folks, what then?  
 Why then he look'd and feel'd again:  
 At last Miss *Polly*, upon searching,  
 Found he understood *Clear-starching*.

Thus ev'ry Day, for three Months space,  
 This pious, holy *Babe of grace*,  
 Renew'd his Sport, play'd with *that Same*,  
 And yet he could not quench his Flame.

*Polly* begins to loath her Meat,  
 Repents her Folly, but too late;  
 Her *Morning Pukes*, and *Qualms of Conscience*  
 To *Girard* tells, who calls it Nonsense;  
 And says (a thing not very Civil)  
 They were occasion'd by the *Devil*.  
 However, he won'd soon appease her,  
 And bring her something that shou'd Ease her.

Her Mother, finding she was sick,  
 But not suspecting *Girard's* trick,  
 Said, that a Doctor shou'd be call'd,  
 Which *Girard* quickly over-hawl'd.  
*What! Am not I the best Physician*  
*For one who is in her Condition?*  
*Lay-Doctors by their Mala Praxis*  
*Kills more than Halters, Swords or Axes.*  
*Full well you know indulgent Heaven*  
*To me sufficient Pow'r has given,*  
*Whereby with ease I can controul*  
*The scorching Fever of the Soul:*

From



*From whence this Doctrine I advance,  
That he who leads the Soul a Dance,  
Can at his Pleasure surely ride,  
And as he lists, the Body guide.*

Then calling for a Cup of Water,  
To give, *he said*, his dearest Daughter.  
This Murderer, this vile Impostor,  
Began with mutt'ring *Pater Noster* ;  
A reddish Powder then put in  
As if *Abortion* were no Sin.  
Poor *Polly* ! this the Villain gave her,  
Call'd it a Cordial to deceive her :  
The Dose for eight Days was not vary'd,  
And then the *Penitent* miscarry'd.  
The Pot was fill'd with what is common  
On such Occasions unto Woman ;  
Which he with curious Eyes survey'd ;  
Then *Polly* calling up her Maid,  
Bade her to cast it all away,  
Which *Girard* hearing, made him say,  
*Imprudent ! Oh, imprudent Creature !*  
*Rebellious grown to Heav'n and Nature !*  
*Expose the Secret to your Maid !*  
*By you we both are now betray'd.*  
*Remember what you swore, and dread*  
*Th' impending Vengeance o'er your Head.*

But least his amorous Affair  
Might by some *Accident* take Air,  
He wheedles his *Fair Penitent*,  
And gains her Mother's free Consent ;

Paving the Way for *Polly*, she  
Was sent into a Nunnery :  
To *Olioules* she did repair,  
And joyn'd the Sisters of St. *Clare*.

Having obtain'd from Lady *Abbes*,  
(For he at coaxing a meer Dab is)  
Permission that whate'er he wrote  
To *Mifs*, or she to him, might not  
Be open'd, read, or seen by any,  
This one Epistle, sav'd from many,  
Will prove the *Wolf* in his Sheep's cloathing,  
And give Mankind of Priests a loathing.

*See here, my Child, your Mind to ease,*  
*A third Epistle in three Days ;*  
*Thy Image, lovely Sacrifice !*  
*Is always present to my Eyes.*  
*With others tho' I ACT and speak,*  
*Wrapt up in Thee, my Nerves are weak ;*  
*Forget yourself, and suffer all things*  
*Except the great, but yield to small things.*  
*What, tho' the Bishop keeps a Pother,*  
*Yet we must still see one another ;*  
*And this, my Dear, is for our ease,*  
*Therefore regard not what he says.*  
*You may expect a Visit one Day*  
*From Father Sabatier, on Monday*  
*Perhaps it may be, the Grand Vicar*  
*Will likewise come, beware of Liquor,*  
*For that may Secrets soon reveal,*  
*Which you should carefully conceal.*  
*But if it should their Noddles enter*  
*To ask you Questions at a Venture ;*

Or should be fond of Seeing --- Doing ---  
 You understand Priests Art of Wooing;  
 If they are eager for the Fact,  
 Say, you're forbid to Speak or Act.  
 Obey me, as my little Daughter,  
 Be careful none do watch your Water;  
 Oh! how I burn with raging Fire,  
 And my Soul's parch'd with strong Desire!  
 You I must quickly see, Cadiere;  
 See ev'ry thing, my lovely Fair.  
 Nothing I ask but what's my own,  
 Therefore all Secrets must be known:  
 But I shall tire you; if I do,  
 I have been often tir'd by you;  
 And 'tis but Reason we shou'd share  
 In ev'ry thing we have my dear.

Oft to the Convent Girard went,  
 To see his lovely Penitent;  
 At last Admiffion he obtain'd  
 And three long Hours with her remain'd:  
 Doubtless the Lovers were well pleas'd,  
 For both were tir'd, and both were eas'd  
 So long a Visit gave Suspicion,  
 Which fill'd the Abbess with Contrition;  
 And she resolv'd thenceforth that he  
 Should not come near his Devotee;  
 No nearer come than to the Gate,  
 Thus was she wisely obstinate.

By this Restraint he wary grows,  
 And soon a cold indifference shows.  
 Polly, who saw herself abus'd,  
 And in such flighted Manner us'd,

To five young \* Nuns relates her *Tale*  
 And ev'ry *Secret* does reveal.  
 Had they, who look'd not so demurely,  
 Said, there could be no harm in't surely;  
*Advis'd* her not to be so cross  
 For they had *tasted* the like Sauce,  
*Lascivious Girard* : fully bent,  
 Far off to send his Penitent ;  
 Said, *She had † Example there,*  
*And therefore should do good elsewhere*

This foolish Declaration soon  
 Flew to the Bishop of *Toulon* ;  
 Who did Miss *Polly* so much Honour  
 At first to write, then wait upon her.  
 And not to mind her late Director,  
 Tho' he pretended to protect her ;  
 And not to go away, much less  
 To him henceforward to confess.

*Polly* at this was struck with Horror,  
 But sending soon his ‡ Chaplain to her,  
 And that she might not be obstructed,  
 To *la Bastille* was safe conducted,

The Bishop went to see *Cadiere*,  
 O'erwhelm'd she was with Doubts and Fear ;  
 And on a strict Examination,  
 Not mindful of her Reputation,

\* *Mrs Da Reboul, La Laugier, Le Allemande, Anne Batterelle, La Gravie.*

† *In the Convent of St. Clare at Olioules.*

‡ *The Abbe Camerle.*

She

She to his Lordship did unfold  
 Each Circumstance, already told.  
*Amaz'd* a while, the Bishop stood,  
 And seem'd a Statute made of Wood;  
 But fir'd with holy Rage at last,  
 To think what Crimes unpunish'd pass'd;  
 He said, he'd drive that Wolf away,  
 Who *tender Lambs* had made his Prey.

But now, to hasten the Conclusion,  
 The Bishop order'd Prosecution'  
 'Gainst *Girard*, Process does commence  
 For each particular \* *Offence*.

But tho' each *Crime* was fully prov'd  
 Yet still it seems that it behov'd  
 The whole *Society* to join,  
 And save a *Brother* by their Coin;  
 A Brother Villain, in degree  
 Of Crimes not one so great as he.  
 Ten hundred thousand *Livers* spent,  
 Sav'd him from condign Punishment,  
 And now this Matter to decide,  
 NOT GUILTY Twelve *brib'd* Judges cry'd,  
 Guilty the *righteous* Twelve reply'd.

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\* *Quietism, Incantation, Sorcery, Spiritual Fornication,  
 Procurement of Abortion, and Subornation of Perjury.*







# Miss *Cadiere's* CASE

Very Handsomely

# H A N D L E D.

---

*By a Gentleman Commoner.*

---

I.



H A T a Buffle is here  
 About Madam *Cadiere*,  
 And *Girard* her Father Confessor !  
 Was ever young Whore  
 So important before  
 As this little Gipsy ? God blefs her ;

II.

We've a tedious long Case  
 Of the Time, and the Place,  
 And the Manner the Jesuit bewitch'd her ;  
 But she surely must be  
 Full as willing as he,  
 Or the Good Man cou'd never have st--h'd her.

R

I should

## III.

I shou'd take the Girl's part,  
From the depth of my Heart,  
If the Gipsy 'd not so long conceal'd it;  
But the Politick Fair  
Took both Caution and Care  
To be glutt'd before she reveal'd it.

## IV.

For her Fits, and her Dreams,  
And her other fine Schemes,  
Prove her rather a Bite than a Bubble  
If 'twas not her Thought,  
She was very well taught,  
And her Tutor well paid for his Trouble.

## V.

While the Gulls would believe,  
She ne'er ceas'd to deceive,  
But went merrily on with the Juggle;  
Nor repin'd she at Pain,  
Full of Hopes to obtain  
A Saintship, well worthy her Struggle.

## VI.

But she went on so fast,  
Folks grew weary at last,  
And worshipping turn'd to Suspicion;  
Then soon did they smoke,  
Pretty Miss's fine Joke,  
And see through her Craft and Ambition.

## VII.

Little dreamt she of Spies,  
When each Corner had Eyes  
To inspect her most secret Transactions;  
They watch'd her so tight,  
That at last came to light  
The whole blessed Scene of her Actions.

## VIII.

When all was come out,  
Then tack'd she about,  
In order to save her own Honour;  
She look'd so demure,  
And laid such a Lure,  
The People took pity upon her.

## IX.

She told a sad Tale,  
That o'er all did prevail,  
And made 'em give heed to her Fables;  
Thus she lick'd herself whole,  
Poor innocent Soul!  
And turn'd on the Father the Tables.

## X.

Now by Young and by Old  
The Story is told,  
And the World is new furnish'd with Tattle:  
For be certain of that,  
They're as fond of Chit-Chat  
As a Baby is fond of a Rattle.

## XI.

The Prude and the Saint,  
 That shew such Restraint,  
 And speak not a light Word before you ;  
 Yet when they're retir'd,  
 Are sensibly fir'd,  
 With the Warmth of a sweet luscious Story,

## XII.

The toothless old Dame,  
 Loves to hear of that same,  
 It puts her in mind of past Pleasure ;  
 And the P--son most sage,  
 At a lecherous Page  
 Will shake his fat Sides beyond measure,

## XIII.

Ev'n the Judges on the Bench,  
 Who examines a Wench,  
 Insists on a strict Explanation ;  
 And makes her proceed,  
 In order to feed  
 His Fancy with warm Titillation.

## XIV.

'Tis the Counsellors Game,  
 With the Jury the same,  
 They love it much better than Money ;  
 'Tis all Sugar and Sack,  
 'Tis Nuts for to Crack,  
 When a Cause is well larded with Bunny,

XV. Oh!

## XV.

Oh! how sweet is the Task,  
What fine Questions they'll ask,  
And enlarge upon every Trifle!  
While they wou'd, if they durst  
Laugh out 'till they burst,  
But Decency bids 'em to stifle.

## XVI.

They care not a Rush  
Who they put to the Blush,  
So they furnish themselves but with Giggles;  
For they'll have Things so plain,  
And again, and again,  
Till it makes their old Buttocks to wriggle

## XVII.

The Bookselling Crew  
Find this Maxim too true  
That *Smut* suits the Grave and the Gaudy;  
When nought else will go down,  
They can tickle the Town  
With a delicate Morsel of Baudy.

## XVIII.

'Tis the same with the Stage  
In this amorous Age,  
Which makes our Bards write so divinely;  
If the Play is not fat,  
'Tis insipid and flat,  
And the Audience sit dull and supinely,

## XIX. I



## XIX.

I will venture to say,  
 That full many a Play  
 Had been damn'd without one to defend it,  
 If some comical Dog  
 With a smart Epilogue  
 Did not bribe the *Beau-Monde* to commend it.

## XX.

'Tis an infinite Theme,  
 An eternal Extreme.  
 Its Pow'r is beyond all Resisting;  
 'Tis a durable Joke,  
 That will Laughter provoke,  
 So long as this World is subsisting.

## XXI.

As sure as a gun  
 My Muse has outrun  
 My poor Wits in this wanton Digression;  
 So return we once more  
 To our Rogue and our Whore,  
 'Tis no better, --- so spare the Expression.

## XXII.

When the Brotherhood saw  
 That this damnable Flaw  
 Would fix a foul Stain on their Order;  
 So they thought it was best  
 To unlock their great Chest,  
 And † \* \* \* \* \*

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† Rhime is here omitted for Reason's sake.

XXIII. Then

## XXIII.

Then the Politic Tribe,  
What with Int'rest and Bribe,  
And the Force of full many a Dollar,  
Soon lick'd him quite whole,  
Poor innocent Soul !  
And slip'd his Neck out of the Collar.

## XXIV.

And the merciful Law  
Bids both Parties withdraw,  
And return to their own Habitation ;  
So, - - *Be as ye were*  
Ends this mighty Affair,  
And saves a great deal of Vexation.

## XXV.

Now the Father's set free,  
Upon paying his Fee,  
And sent to his worthy Superiors  
Where his Flame will be cool'd,  
And he handsomely school'd  
For peeping in Miss's Posteriors.

## XXVI.

And the pretty young Lamb  
Is return'd to her Mam  
To hear many a Juniper Lecture,  
For ever confin'd  
From the Sight of Mankind :  
Oh ! how must such Penance affect her !

## XXVII. Ye

## XXVII.

Ye *Confessors*, beware  
 How ye sport with the Fair,  
 For fear like *Girard* you miscarry :  
 It must now be confest,  
 That our Sytem is best,  
 So you'd better live honest, and marry.

## XXVIII.

When a Man is deny'd  
 The free Use of a Bride,  
 It makes him as lew'd as the Devil ;  
 So our Clergy to tame,  
 We allow 'em that same  
 In a Way that is lawful and Civil.

## XXIX.

But if as my Life  
 I lov'd Daughter or Wife,  
 I'd be sure to keep off the Confessor ;  
 For by Bible or Book,  
 Or by Hook or by Crook  
 He'll find out some Way to caress her,

## XXX.

That *Auricular Chair*  
 Is an excellent Snare,  
 A sweet Inlet to carnal Transgression ;  
 For as sure as they strive,  
 So sure may they *fw---e*,  
 Whoever trusts them with Confession.

F



I

S.

